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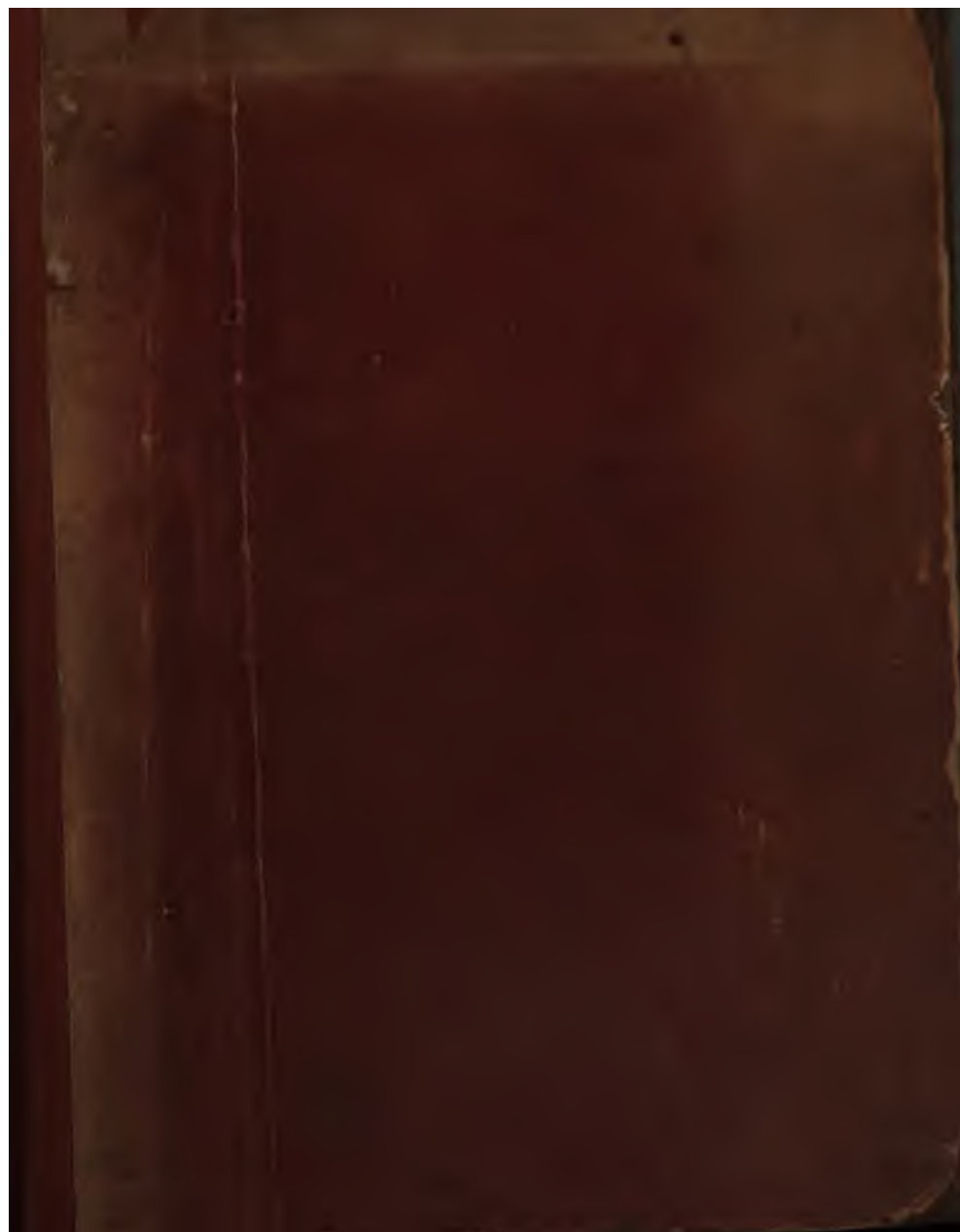
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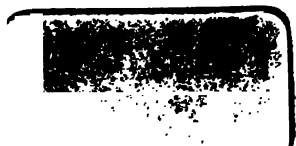
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# Legendæ Catholicæ

A LYTLE BOKE

OF

SEYNTLIE GESTES

" ——— to heuen God your soules sende  
That redeth this boke ouer all  
Chryst couer you with his mantell perpetuall"  
COCKE LORELL'S BOKE



IMPRINTED AT EDINBURGH

IN THE YEAR OF THE INCARNATION,

MDCCCXL

225.

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**EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY, 12, SOUTH ST DAVID STREET.**

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
PETER RIBADENEIRA,  
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED.





THE following hagiologies are selected from the well known Auchinleck MS., preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. This Manuscript is supposed to have been written in some North of England Monastery about the latter end of the 13th, or commencement of the 14th century, and this hypothesis appears to be warranted

both by the structure of the language and the chirograph. It has been sadly mutilated by some sacrilegious hand, chiefly for the sake of the illuminations. Would to God that for his pains the Vandal had been served after a similar fashion, and been qualified to chant shrill treble within the choir of the Sistine Chapel !

The legends now printed are in number five, viz.

Legend of Pope Gregory,

... St Margaret,

... St Katherine,

... Mary Magdalen,

... Joachim and Anne, our Lady's  
Mother,

being respectively Numbers I., IV., XIV.,

V., and XIII., of the contents of the Manuscript.

Concerning the tradition which relates to the birth of His Holiness, I can procure no information. As far as I remember, there is no allusion to it in the works of John Bale, Henry Stephens, or other antipapistical slander-mongers. The MS. of this legend is imperfect both at the beginning and the end.

Of Saints Margaret, Katherine, and Mary Magdalen, due notices will be found in the Rev. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*—a work in which all the more extensive publications of a similar nature are admirably digested.

In the Gospel of Mary, and Protevangelion, published by Mr Hone in his “Apocry-

phal New Testament," the traditional accounts of Joachim and Anne are fully chronicled. In that work, and Mr Butler's volumes, copious references are made in illustration of their subjects. The present legend wants the conclusion, as the transcriber seems to have wearied of his task.

The late acute, but virulent, critic, Mr Ritson, in his remarks on the origin of romance, has said,—“The gods of the ancient heathens, and the saints of the more modern Christians, are the same sort of imaginary beings ; who, alternately, give existence to romances, and receive it from them. The legends of the one, and the fables of the other, have been constantly fabricated for the same purpose, and with the same view : the


promotion of fanaticism, which, being mere illusion, can only be excited or supported by romance : and, therefore, whether Homer made the gods, or the gods made Homer, is of no sort of consequence, as the same effect was produced by either cause. There is this distinction, indeed, between the heathen deities and the Christian saints, that the fables of the former were indebted for their existence to the flowery imagination of the sublime poet, and the legends of the latter to the gloomy fanaticism of a lazy monk or stinking priest."

My olfactory nerves are not so retrospective as were Mr Ritson's, and therefore I am not so cognizant of the stench of monks. Certain it is, that nine-tenths of these scented individuals appear to have "died in the

odour of sanctity," a peculiar perfume which did not cling to poor Ritson. As for the laziness attributed to them, it is easier to make than to substantiate such charges. To the alleged indolence of the monastic orders how much do the arts, the sciences, literature, and religion, not owe ! Had no other results attended the establishment of cœnobial institutions than the nurture and preservation of these beautiful inventions, which add so much to the delectation, the improvement, and the prosperity of modern society, we, who live in what are termed *better* times, are bound to feel and acknowledge our gratitude for their existence. Of how much benefit in their own day they were productive, may be sufficiently inferred from the wide-spread disturbances

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which arose, on their suppression, among the predial population of the country, and which were not allayed until after the shedding of much good blood. And in our own times it were greatly to be desired that religious houses would again lift up their heads among the densely peopled manufacturing districts and over-grown towns, where the souls and bodies of men, women, and children, are crushed to the earth,—compelled to drain the bitterest dregs of human misery—and bartered with the Devil for the blood-bought, crime-cursed mammon, on which their tyrant masters revel and luxuriate. These same “lazy monks” and “stinking priests,” oh! generous and noble Ashley, would aid thy heaven-approved labours; and, while they



tended to alleviate the agonies of the toil-worn frame, would teach the suffering sinner to lay the burden of his sins and sorrows at the foot of the cross of his blessed Redeemer.

But the conventual orders were guilty of one unpardonable offence. They were too rich ! Hence the " Reformation," and Henry's zeal for religion. The Church must never be opulent in worldly means, for then is it laid open to the assaults of the enemy ; —sheep-skinned wolves—pious dissenters !

And these legends " were fabricated for the promotion of fanaticism !" Is fanaticism extinct, now that monachism seems no more ? Look at the vile and pestilently rampant heresies from Calvinism downwards, and are any redeeming qualities to be found in all

their vagaries? Are not the fabrications issued by the Evangelical canters of the Tract Societies most fulsome and impertinently profane? Is not the stuff which they put into the mouths of the "subjects of these Memoirs,"—making the creature cry, as it were, "Hail, good fellow, well met!" to its Creator—not merely devoid of grace and merit, but brimful of hypocrisy and intolerant familiarity? However rough-wrought the old monastic legends are, they all possess a dignity from their very subjects, of which these heretical tracts are destitute. There is a grandeur and beauty connected with the remembrance of a Magdalene or a Lazarus, of those who have sat at the feet of the blessed Jesus, and heard from his lips the words of

mercy and of truth ; but what instruction or mental profit can be derived from the diary of a Mrs Newell, or what devotion excited by the Memoirs of a Sally Jones ?

Although I advocate the revival of monastic institutions, and apologize for the pious fictions of the early ages, I am not pleading for the growth of Romanism. I am a firm adherent to the Anglican section of the Catholic Church,—that beautiful structure whose banner is so richly blazoned with the names of the mighty dead, and which yet can boast of such ornaments as a Philpotts, a Pusey, a Newman, a Palmer, a Hook,—and by that church I shall stand or fall. But I have no hatred to our sister church ; on the contrary, I would earnestly pray that she would throw aside her

corruptions, and that both should be united for the sake of the integrity of the Church, and the suppression of all heresies,—Calvinism, Socinianism, and such like accursed abominations ; and I would go hand in hand with her in all good works. I am no Romanist. I object to the Pope ; he has been the curse of the Church Catholic :—I want no Purgatory :—I shall not confess my sins to any one except to my Maker, who is aware of them already :—I shall not suffer myself to be “ thimble-rigged ” by a pretended vendition of forgiveness :—I shall keep my pence to myself, and not give them to Saint Peter. But I *will* pray for the dead ;—I *will* fast as I think fit ;—I *will* pay respect to the symbols of our redemption and God’s mercies ;—I *will* ho-

nour and venerate the Saints and Apostles ;  
—and I *will* do all that in me lies to aid in  
the extinction of heresies, and the establish-  
ing of the Catholic Church of Christ upon  
earth ! I repeat that I am no Romanist ; but  
*this* I declare, that I had rather be condemned  
with a Papist than saved with a Puritan !

EDINBURGH,  
THE FEAST OF ST ALBAN, 1840.

Since the preceding remarks were printed off, I find that the Legend of Pope Gregory forms Chap. LXXXI. of the *Gesta Romanorum*. Warton gives the following summary of it. "A king violates his sister. The child is exposed in a chest in the sea; is christened Gregory by an abbot who takes him up, and, after various adventures, he is promoted to the popedom. In their old age his father and mother go a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to confess to this pope, not knowing he was their son, and he being equally ignorant that they are his parents; when, in the course of the confession, a discovery is made on both sides."—*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, I. 206; Ed. 1824.

The following Errata have unfortunately escaped prior observation:—

Page 1, line 8, <i>for</i>	<i>prus</i>	<i>read</i>	<i>priis</i>
9, ... 6, ...	<i>zame</i>	...	<i>thame</i>
12, ... 4, ...	<i>zoug</i> t	...	<i>thought</i>
14, ... 3, ...	<i>zoug</i> t	...	<i>thought</i>
40, ... 4, ...	<i>groued</i>	...	<i>groned</i>
61, ... 15, ...	<i>min</i>	...	<i>nim</i>
65, ... 1, ...	<i>herber we</i>	...	<i>herberwe</i>
105, ... 9, ...	<i>lene</i>	...	<i>leue</i>

The

## Legend of Hope Gregory.

. . . . .  
Therl him graunted his wille Y wis  
That the kniȝt him hadde ytold  
The barounes that were of miche p's  
Biforn him thai weren ycald  
Alle the lond that euer was his  
Biforn hem alle ȝouȝ t̃ old  
He made his foster cheif t̃ pr̃is  
That mani fizeing for hi had fold

A

## 2      LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

And bitauzt hir the kni3t  
That trewe was in tong ⁊ tale  
To kepe that leuedi arizt  
With blisse ⁊ with eüiche hale  
Ther was ferly forwe ⁊ fizt  
When thai schuld afondri fare  
Therl wald ney dyen uprizt  
To no man couthe he telle his care  
The kni3t toke leue ⁊ went his way  
With hir that was bri3t so blofme on brere  
No ftint he for no clot in clay  
Al what to his owen were  
Ther cam a leuedi bri3t fo day  
Ozeines him with glad chere  
And feyd fir welcom be you ay  
Mi trewe lord ⁊ your fere

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 3

Wel feir he hir vnderftod  
Than fche was of hors alizt  
And ferued her with glad mode  
As he was trewe t̃ gentil kni3t  
Be the ri3t hond his wiif he toke  
Til a chaumber fche went arizt  
And told his wiif t̃ nouzt forfoke  
What trewethe that he hadde hir plizt  
He told his wiif word t̃ oȳr  
How it was falle of that dede  
With child fche goth with her broȳr  
We moten hir help at this nede  
Also thou loueft thi rentes riif  
For nothing that may be  
Ne lete thou no born liif  
Therof wite bot we thre

#### 4      LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

No man in lond child no wiif  
Aftow art leuedi gent ʔ fre  
That ich no here therof no ftriif  
Of that thow fchalt here ʔ fe  
The leuedi him anfwerd fone  
Jhū hir wele vnbinde  
Alfo he made fonne ʔ mone  
Blafme on brere lef on linde  
Icham glad of hir coming  
Sori that ich hir fike finde  
Thurch the help of Heuen King  
We fchul ben hir wel kinde  
Than the time ycomen was  
The leuedi fchuld deliuerd be  
A fone fche hadde thurch Godes grace  
Ycomen he was of kin fre

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 5

The leuedi feyd as fche was won  
To hir that was white fo blofme on tre  
Thou haft fche feyd ales a fone  
As ani finful man may fe  
At that bereing of that wizt  
Was no hues thing in lond  
Bot that leuedi ⁊ that kniȝt  
The King of Heuen ſent his Sond  
The ſtori Y can rade arizt  
With tong ſpeke ⁊ ſtille ſtond  
Seyn Gregori was born that niȝt  
That ſethen was Pope in lond  
That niȝt that he was born to man  
His moder was in great thouȝt  
How he was biȝeten ⁊ of wham  
How dere fche him hadde ybouȝt

6      LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

With tong alle on withouten man  
With care icham alle thurch fouzt  
Helpe leuedi for Y no can  
How this child schal forth be brouzt  
Ȝif this childe duelle stille here  
Men wil therof speke ȝ wite  
The word schal spring fer ȝ ner  
How he was born ȝ bizete  
Bot men wil don as ich hem lere  
No schal Y neuer ete mete  
In other londes you ben here  
Help ȝ focour he may gete  
Sche bad anon men schuld take  
A tonne that was newe ywrouzt  
A bot on the brim make  
That the winde it migt bere aloft

Also a cradel withouten wrake  
 That the childe were therin ybrouzt  
 Tho gun thai like for hir sake  
 And dreri weren in hir youzt  
 The knigt sothe sche wold dye  
 He feyd hir that it schuld be so  
 A bot thai token bi ye weye  
 Hir wille thai fonden for to do  
 Thai token wrightes of werkes fleye  
 Al for to grant hir bone  
 And a cradel that sche ther feye  
 Hir wille thai fonded for to done  
 Ther sche on hir bed fat  
 Hir child sche held in armes to  
 The first word that sche yfpak  
 Sche feyd me gamen is al go

8      **LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.**

Now Jhū Crift that fitt in trone  
Rade me wele for to do  
And fende me thi grace fone  
No was me neuer er fo wo  
Than fche hadde gouen him fouke  
And in the cradel faft him feft  
With riche clothes fche gan hī louke  
The croice fche made opon his brest  
Markes four of gold prout  
Vnder the heued fche had yfest  
Ten ma[r]k of filuer ther without  
Vnder the fet fche hadde ythrest  
Tables fche toke fone riche  
Of yuori layen hir bifore  
With honden fche wrot t̃ fore gan fike  
How he was bizeten t̃ bore

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 9

Sche feyd waleway wel zare  
Mi ioie ichaue alle forlore  
No may no tong telle ye care  
That is me now rízt before  
For nothing fche no lett  
In the tables wrot fche yanne  
That men him schuld to scole hī sett  
And zif him name of cristen māne  
Ȝif auentour bitide euer more  
He com to liue t̃ wer a man  
He mizt fe the finnes fore  
How he was geten t̃ of wham  
A cloth of filk fche wond hī inne  
That was of fwithe feir ble  
The tables fche leyd vnder his chinne  
That men mizt hem bothen yfe

10    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Than was he don the tonne withinne  
The bot was feir made of tre  
And bar him down to the brim  
Bitauzt hī God ȝ the falt fe  
Than thai come to hir wel fone  
Ther ſche lay wel fike in thougt  
And tolden hou thai hadden done  
Of that hye hadde hem bifouzt  
The bot feir ymade with brome  
Vp the water newe ywrouzt  
The tonne ȝ the litel grome  
In to the ſee we hau ybrouzt  
That other day on the morwe  
Than herd ſche a reuful red  
A meſſanger com with forwe  
And teld hir that hir broȝr was ded

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 11

The kniztes that wer to hir fwore  
Brouzt hir word ȝ to hir feyd  
That he was to deth ydrore  
And vnder erthe schuld be leyd  
Tho was her care newe  
Sche toke fikeinges thre  
And war al wan of hir hewe  
That was wite fo blosome on tre  
Than feyd the knigt was to hir trewe  
Y wot no gameth the no gle  
No helpeth it nothing for to rewe  
As God wil fo schal it be  
Thou schalt graithe the ful zare  
Ȝif thou doſt after mi youzt  
And to thi brother biring fare  
Are he be in erthe ybrouzt

## 12    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

No helpeth it no thing to care  
Y wot no gayneth it the nouzt  
Thi feir rode to make it bare  
And fle thifelf with idel youzt  
Tho fche held hir stille ⁊ milde  
Hir forwe was strong ⁊ fterne  
The thridde day of hir childe  
To chirche fche zede of hir berne  
Nis now in this worldes so wilde  
No be he neuer fo stille  
That he ne mot be milde  
And soffre Godes wille  
Thai bokked to the biriing  
The knigt that couthe of the rounne  
The thridde day of hir childing  
No lenge hadde fche foioure

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 13

Wel arliche in a morwening  
Opon a palfrey broune  
With dreri hert t̃ with morning  
The leuedi went out of the toune  
Than fche com to hir halle  
Ther was fikeing t̃ wayle way  
Sche fel adoun toforn hem alle  
Biforn hir brother ỹr he lay  
Than fche feye him vnder palle  
Sche feyd allas that ilke day  
The kniztes on hir gan calle  
And from the bare token hir oway  
Tho he was in ertle ybrouzt  
And leyd vnder cloudes cold  
The leuedi was with forwe thurch fouzt  
Her kniztes wer stark t̃ bold

14    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

With riȝt the tale it was ywrouȝt  
The kniȝtes the tale hir told  
The leuedi that dreri was ī youȝt  
Hir tounes wer take in hir hold  
Tho was ſche knowen that leuedi  
Bi alle the londes fide  
And maiden clene hold of her bodi  
Therof the word wide ſprong wide  
Princes proud that weren yſene  
To hir thai buked hem to ride  
No was ther non ſo lef ich wene  
That ſche thouȝt to his loue abide  
Alle loued hir wild ⁊ tame  
That with mouthe herd hir ſpeke  
Sche halpe the pouer ⁊ the lame  
The deuel from hir for to wreke

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 15

Chirches chapels bothe yfame  
Werche fche dede thurch Godes wille  
The riche of her hadde game  
The pouer loued hir londe ⁊ stille  
A rich douke of mizt ftrong  
Of Rome he was as 3e may here  
For couertife of hir lond  
He wald hir wedde ⁊ have to fere  
Than gan fche fike ⁊ forwe among  
And dreri was in hir chere  
Y wis fhe feyd he hath wrong  
Y loue hī nouzt ī hert dere  
He fethe he mizt nothing fpede  
No nouzt with hir his wille do  
Bateyle on hir he gan bede  
With alle that mizt ride ⁊ go

16    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

And feyd he wald away hir lede  
Ȝif that he miȝt comen hir to  
Abouten hir he sett his segge  
Hir tounes than brent he tho  
Sche fwore sche schuld hir neuer zeld  
Bot he with strenge hir wonne  
Til that the child were comen to eld  
That sche lete fasten ī the tonne  
Ȝete may God fwiche grace fende  
That made bothe mone ⁊ sonne  
Ȝete he may liue ⁊ wele ende  
That the douk hī hath bigounne  
Now lete we this leuedi be  
And telle we how the childe was founde  
Lifteneth now alle to me  
Y wot it fanke nouȝt to the grounde

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 17

Al that God wil haue don than schal be  
Rigt as his moder hī hadde ywounde  
The winde hī drof fer in the fe  
Swithe fer in thilke stounde  
To fischers weren out yfent  
That bretheren were bothe Y wene  
Out of an abbay thai weren yfent  
With nettes t̃ with ores kene  
To lache fische to that couent  
The monkes thai thougt to queme  
That day was hem no grace ylent  
For stormes that wer so breme  
Erlich in a morning  
Er lizt com of the day  
Thai feye a bot cū waineing  
With the child that in the cradel lay

18    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

To liue God him wald bring  
His wille ī lond wrouzt be ay  
The fischers miri gun fing  
And thider thai tok the riȝt way  
The tonne anon to hem thai nome  
That was fwithe wele ywrouzt  
Thai no rouzt whider the bot ycom  
That the tonn thider brouzt  
To rift riȝt as zede the mone  
Ther rifen stormes gret aloft  
To lache fische hadde thai no tome  
To toun to win was al her thouzt  
Fast thai drowen to the lond  
With ores gode ymade of tre  
For stormes wald thai nothing wond  
Drenched wende thai wele to be

'  
**LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 19**

Thabot com opon the strond  
The fifchers zif he mizt fe  
Also God fent his fond  
That child schuld ysaue be  
The abot that was thider fent  
Biheld the tonne was made of tre  
Theron were his eyzen ylent  
Anon feyd that abot fre  
Whare haue ze this tonne yhent  
And what may y<sup>r</sup> in be  
No feyze Y neuer fwiche a present  
I fifchers bot in the fe  
The fifchers answerd bothe yliche  
To the abot thai speken anon  
Bi the King of Heuen riche  
Our thinges be ther mydon

20    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

That child then bigan to feriche  
With fleuen as it wer a grome  
The fifchers wer adrad of wreche  
Thai nift what thai mizt done  
Thabot bad withouten wou3  
Vndo the tonne that he ther fay  
The fifchers wer radi anou3  
To don his will that ich day  
A cloth of filk thabot vp drou3  
That on the chilles cradel lay  
Tho lai that litel child ʔ lou3  
Opon thabot with eyzen gray  
Thabot held vp bothe his hond  
With hert gode to Crift ywent  
And feyd Lord Y thank thi fond  
That thou me haft gouen ʔ lent

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 21

Of thyuori tables long  
Thabot fond ther in prefent  
Therto he gan fone fong  
And feyze what ther was writen ⁊ dent  
Thabot bad the fifchers bothe  
Ten mark ⁊ the cradel take  
And bad thai fchuld nouzt be wroth  
For that litel childes fake  
Tho was that filuer alle her owe  
The trefore to hem thai gun take  
Anon thai were alle bi knowe  
How thai fond that litel knape  
That o fifcher was riche of wele  
And hadde halle of lim ⁊ fton  
That oy<sup>r</sup> was pouer ⁊ had children fele  
Golde no filuer hadde he non

## 22    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Thabot toke with him to bere  
Ten marke ⁊ the litel grome  
And bad hī telle for non auȝt  
In what maner he was ycome  
Bot figge his douhter that ich nauȝt  
To bere that child for God aboue  
And bid the abot gif he mauȝt  
Criften him for Godes loue  
He tok that child withouten hete  
And bar it hom withouten wrake  
A wiman had he fone-ygete  
Hī to bere criften to make  
When the fiſcher y-eten hadde  
No wald he no lenger late  
To thabot fone he ladde  
And fond hī redi atte gate

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 23

Thabot wist ther of anouȝ  
It no was him nothing loth  
The fiſcher than the child forth drouȝ  
With ſalt ⁊ with the criſme cloth  
Mi douhter ſent ȝou this child  
To criſten it withouten oth  
Thabot louȝ that was milde  
And with hem to chirche he goth  
Thabot was cleped Gregorii  
Ther the child his name he toke  
Preſt ⁊ clerk ſtode therbi  
With tapers liȝt ⁊ holy boke  
And the child feir ⁊ ſleye  
He criſtened in the ſalt flod  
And ſeythen baren it up on heyȝe  
Offred it to the holy rod

## 24    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Thabot dede fo he fchold  
The cloth he tok wele to hold  
    . . . four mark of gold  
And the tables that ich of told  
    . . . . . mode  
In clothe fast thai gun hī fold  
    . . . . . ʔ god  
The child he tok wele to hold  
    . . . . . comen to zares fiue  
Wel hende it was that child to lok  
    . . . . . that it gan thrive  
He nam ʔ fett it to boke  
    . . . hi lere fast ʔ fwithē  
Y fchal the finde anouz Y wis  
Who fo wil the ſtori lithe  
Wordes he may heren of blis

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 25

What helpeth it long for to drawe  
Gregorii couthe wele his pars  
And wele rad ʒ song in lawe  
And vnderftode wele his ars  
\*. . . went he on a day to plawe  
As children don atte bars  
. . . . . toke with his felawe  
Ac Gregorii the stronger was  
. . . . . as he wer wode  
To him faft fone he lepe  
. . . . . as of unmild mod  
For hert tene fore he wepe  
. . . . . to his moder fone  
With grim hert and with gret  
. . . . . fwithe anon  
Hou Gregorii hi hadde ybede

• This and the preceding blanks are occasioned by mutilation of the MS.

26    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

. . . . is a wonder thing  
No can sche nouzt hir wordes lete  
Withouten anifkines duelling  
Sche gan Gregori to threte  
And feyd thou treytour fondling  
Whi hastow mi fone ybete  
In this world is man living  
That wot hou thou was bizete  
Gregorii stod stille so ston  
With dreri hert hom he nome  
A word spac he y<sup>r</sup> non  
Til he to thabot come  
. . . hert fre he made his moue  
Than feyd thabot leue fone  
[Whi] artow comen so dreri hom  
Who hath he feyd don ouzt bot loue

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 27

. . feyd the child withouten lefing  
The fifchers wif is vnhende  
. . . . me traitour fondling  
And feyd Y ne am nouzt of thi kende  
. . . . thabot be ftille  
Swiche thouzt lete you be  
. . . . ȝ fing fchirlle  
Therefore this hous his granted the  
. . . . . fchal ful fille  
With alle the monkes herin be  
When God of me hath don his wille  
Thou fchalt ben abot after me  
Nay for fothe quath he fone  
Thi thouzt is now fro min riȝt  
Ac ȝif thou wilt ouzt for me don  
Ȝif me order to be kniȝt

28    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

To that mifter ichil gon  
Helme to bere ʔ brini brizt  
Other mifter wil Y non  
Ther whiles icham fo zong ʔ lizt  
Bi him that made the water  
And lef to fpring on grene tre  
Til ich wite who be mi fader  
No fchal Y neuer blithe be  
And who me gaf cloth ʔ hater  
Til that Y mi moder fe  
Therefore to drenche ī falt water  
Fro this fchame Y wil no fle  
Thabot no mizt that child lett  
For no bode of pans rounde  
The cloth of filke he ther fet  
That Gregori was in ywounde

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 29

His nedes feir he ther bett  
And made him knigt in that ffounde  
His tables in his hond he sett  
And that bad him rede that he ther founde  
The knigt answerd sone ogein  
The tables ther held an hond  
Bitven hem withouten fweyn  
He radde alle that he ther fond  
Ȝif it be sothe the letters feyn  
Michel it is opon mi thouzt  
Of a zong child a douzti fweyn  
Of what lond he is no telleth he nouzt  
Than he hadde the letters rad  
That in the tables were ywrought  
Whar was the child he feyd bi fad  
That in the tonne was ylete

30    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

And whider the wat<sup>r</sup> hath him lad  
Telle me 3if that 3e wite  
Thabot biheld the child t bad  
That he schuld bi him fite  
He told him wel fone anon  
In what maner he was yfounde  
The cloth of filke thou haft opon  
That thou wer in 3outh ywounde  
Thine markes of gold euerichon  
So hem here hole t founde  
And thine tables of thyuori bon  
That feir ben t eke rounde  
Now is the time comen to thende  
Y fwere bi Ihu Heuene king  
That Y nam nouzt of thi kende  
Bot Y hold for a fondling

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 31

Now Ihu leue me grace to wende  
Ther mi schame may be hed  
And fethen after mi rízt kende  
That ich was of comen t̃ bred  
Thabot present him a schip  
Ther that mani ftoðe arouwe  
The child was hende t̃ therin lep  
At her parting he wepe athrouwe  
The ropes were fast yknett  
To the fe thai gun drawe  
The winde on her feyl was fett  
And hard began for to blowe  
And drof him to the londes sîðe  
That was in his moder hond  
Gregorij com with michel pride  
As knízt of vncouthe lond

32    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Mani man wendeth fer t wide  
Moche may heren t fen among  
Atte laft him fchal bitide  
His auentour be it neuer fo ftrong  
Than Gregorij cam out of the bargge  
He hadde a wel gode ftede  
Helme t brini t brizt targge  
Knizt he femed gode at nede  
This felle in the time of Marche  
That ich of fing t rede  
He tok his in as knizt large  
To the portrenes hous he zede  
The portrene feyze that he was hende  
And wel feir him vnderftode  
Him thouzt he was of Gode kende  
And eke a milde man of mode

Bot at the thridde dayes ende  
 Als fo thai faten atte bord  
 His oft feyd whider wiltow wende  
 And Gregori no fpac no word  
 Ac bletheliche wite he wold  
 Hath her ben ani wer long  
 Other ani man that dorft hold  
 A knigt vncouthe that wer ftrong  
 His oft wel fone him told  
 What wer was hem among  
 Our beftes ben robbed and fold  
 Our tounes brent al with wrong  
 Gregorij feyd what ayleth that  
 Whi ne drawe ze to acord t loue  
 His oft feyd fone for what  
 Bi Ihu that fitt ous al aboue

34    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Thurch a maiden hende of pris  
Is this werre al ycome  
And thurch a douk that vnhende is  
That wold hir haue to wiue Y nome  
So trewe in lond Y not no may  
Of bodi so feir t̃ so fre  
Tomorwe sone when it is day  
The leuedi thou schalt at chirche fe  
To hir steward wil Y gon  
And tellen him the sothe of the  
Refeyued bestow sone anon  
Ȝif thou wilt serue t̃ with hir be  
Gregori was feir with alle  
Of bodi for to bihold  
Schred he was in gode palle  
When day com that he go schold

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 35

Arifeth he feyd 3if 3e be 3are  
Redy icham to chirche Y wold  
His oft fpac t̃ 3af anfware  
And 3ede forth with the bird fo bold  
When he was to chirche ycome  
To fe the leuedi hende t̃ gode  
Wel gentil was that feir gome  
And gret his moder y<sup>r</sup> fche ftode  
The leuedi that was fo trewe of loue  
Ther fche lay bifer the rode  
The cloth of filk fche knewe aboue  
That fche him 3af ito the fe flode  
The comely leuedi feir of hewe  
Loked on him with eyzen to  
Bot nothing fche him knewe  
So long he hadde ben hir fro

### 36    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Hir eyzen on him fast fche threwe  
And feyze wele fche loued hī tho  
The cloth of filk fche feyze al newe  
That fche him 3af than hir was wo  
The leuedi fone anoȳ thouzt  
That o cloth was other yliche  
Sche loked on him that ous bouzt  
The knigt of kin fche thouzt riche  
The steward ther fche 3af the dome  
Vnder fong him queyntliche  
Tho hadde the strong douke of Rome  
Al bifett hir castel diche  
Ytīzt he hadde his pauloun  
His tentes fprad ful wide  
Baners vp fett ȝ gomfeynoun  
About the castel with pride

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 37

The kniztes that loked the toun  
To the castel gun ride  
To wite confeyl ʒ resoun  
ʒif thai schuld the douk abide  
Gregori was feir of teyle  
Strong ʒ stef in euri lith  
Schame it is he feyd faū feyle  
For to libbe i forwe ʒ fith  
Arme we ous ʒ take bateyle  
And ich me self schal wende ʒou with  
The doukes oft we schal aseyle  
That ne loueth no peys no grith  
The knizt alle in feir schroude  
Him gan arme fwithe wel  
At a postern thai wenten out  
With scharpe speres ʒ fwerdes of stiel

38    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

The waites wer stille ⁊ nothing loude  
Thai fchoten out of the castel  
Gregori was of hert proude  
The doukes oft he biheld eueri del  
Ich wot a ftede he biſtrode  
He toke a launce holle ⁊ founde  
Ther the doukes oft him rode  
The erthe dined ⁊ the grounde  
As he the ſtori wrot me feyd  
He was y<sup>r</sup> worth an hundred pounce  
With ſpere ſcharp ⁊ ſwerd he leyd  
Adoun al that he ther founde  
The folk out of the caſtel cam  
With laūces heye ⁊ gomfeynoun  
The douk was wele ywar of ham  
With grete route vnder the toun

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 39

A litel wízt after the none  
Ther was ycraked mani a croun  
Mani a knízt ther died fone  
Er than the fonne zede adoun  
Strong it were me to telle  
The folk that ther was yflawe  
Also thou feft the water of welle  
The blod of the hille gan doū drawe  
Y wot the fchold long duelle  
Alle that fothe for to faye  
So men may here fpeke ⁊ fpelle  
Ther no was no childes playe  
After the douk fouzt Gregorij  
Thurch his oft ⁊ thurch his here  
With grim noife he made a cri  
A launce ichil to the bere

40    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

The douk was proude withouten feyle  
To him he dresced another spere  
He bar the douk over his hors teyl  
That he groued as a bere  
Tho was the douke with strengthe ytake  
And brougt to the conteife fone  
Sche bad men schuld him kepe ⁊ wake  
For him that made sonne ⁊ mone  
And feyd men schuld neuer flake  
His bondes for no mañes bone  
Bot ȝif he wald hir peys make  
Of that he hadde hir misdone  
Thei he war proude ⁊ prince beld  
Ranfoun for his body sche toke  
With grim eyzen sche him biheld  
And dede him fwere opon a boke

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 41

To pay the ranfoun at the time  
Withouten ani kines ftriif  
The thridde day at heye prime  
Other he fchuld lefe his liif  
Tho was ther pays wel gode in lond  
And ther was no more ftriif  
Thai thonked alle Godes fond  
And liued in pes alle her liif  
Fram hir wente the douke tho  
To his lond and to his hous  
Bateyls no loued he no mo  
For he was ther al confous  
Gregori was michel of mounde  
Bot he was wounderliche pouer  
Into other londe he wald founde  
Grace more for to couer

42    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

To win wele t̃ pans rounde  
Bot oft he gan like fore  
When he thouzt on the hard ffounde  
Hou he was bizeten t̃ bore  
He feyd he wold oway fare  
More of armes for to do  
The cuntas tho hadde care  
And feyd fir ſchal ze nouzt go  
To hir ſteward ſpac ſche thare  
What may we zeuen hi er he go  
He no may nouzt wende oway ſo bare  
He hath ywroken ous of our fo  
The ſteward hir anſwerd thare  
Swiche kniȝt no wot Y non  
Y wot thou doſt thiſelue care  
Ȝif thou left him fro the gon

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 43

For he is trewe in ich atale  
Strong ⁊ stef in ich abon  
Mani man he hath don bale  
On him thou migt thi loue wele don  
The confeyl was zeuen ⁊ sone don  
The knigt schuld hir\* moder wedde  
To chirche thai went swithe sone  
Tuay barouns the leuedi ledde  
Alle that men schuld to spoufeing don  
The preft fong the clerk redde  
Als men schuld wiif vnder fon  
And holden hir to bord ⁊ bedde  
Tho was he erl of gret anour  
Yknowen in alle Aquiteyne  
Bothe of castel ⁊ of tour  
The folk of him was ful feyne

\* Sic in MS. pro *his*.

44    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.


Of alle the gode men of that lond  
Manred he toke that is so feyn  
To be borfom to his hond  
Bothe knigt & eke fweyn  
Gregorij forzat him nouzt  
Of that forwe was in his hold  
On his tables was al his thouzt  
Ther thai wer in tonn ifold  
Thider he went & fone fouzt  
Ther thai wer in tonn to hold  
Markes of gold wele ywrouzt  
He gaf the portrene redi told  
After that he went wel fone  
As prince proude in pride  
And thouzt what he migt don  
And wher he migt his tables hide

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 45

To a chaimber he zede alon  
That dern was in fōms tide  
And leyd hem vnder a fton  
That no man fethe that ftoðe bifide  
Therafter wel oft it was his wone  
Into that chaimber for to wende  
Ther in moft no man come  
No of his forwe wite non ende  
He was a dreri moder fone  
When he held his tables long  
Therfore wel oft it was his won  
His bodi for to pine ftrong  
Ther wis non fo dern dede  
That fun time it fchal be fene  
Thider in wald he nouzt lede  
For fothe noither king no quene

46    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

A wiman therof toke hede  
That it was the lawe ogeyn  
That he fo oft thider in zede  
Withouten knizt othor fweyn  
On hunting on a day he fore  
Within a dale in a forest  
With houndes that were lizt on more  
For to take the wilde best  
The leuedi at hom fo brizt fo flour  
Alone left withouten cheft  
Than was hir told a tiding flour  
Ther of fche hadde wonder meft  
Hou that therl himfelue alon  
A wiman told hir the tale  
Into the chaunber was won to gone  
Withouten felawe gret 7 finale



LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 47

Therin he maketh rewell mone  
Leuedi leve thou wele mi tale  
The hewe that he hath than opon  
It is both wan ⁊ pale  
The leuedi wonder hadde tho  
For diol fche wald dye  
What wil he in that chaüber do  
Me to forwe ⁊ to treye  
Sche bad hir maidens ther out go  
A ffounde for to pleye  
And thai deden al fo  
Out of the chaunber thai toke the way  
Than alon fche left therinne  
Non wift what fche ment  
The cuntaffe nold neuer blinne  
The chaüber dore of hokes fche hent

48    **LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.**

Sche fouzt ⁊ fond with erth vnmild  
The tables that with hir fone fche fent  
And knewe it was hir owen child  
That in hir armes anizt fche went  
Tho the leuedi hadde the latters radde  
That fche wrot ich wene  
Sone fche bicom al mad  
And wex bothe pale ⁊ grene  
Sche fel afwon on hir bed  
And loude bigan for to reme  
Hir steward herd hou fche was bifted  
Sone he cam hir to queme  
Sche bad anon men schuld hir fett  
Hir lord therl hir bifore  
And that no man schuld him lett  
As he was hende ⁊ to hir fwore

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 49

A kniȝt on o palfrey him sett  
The lord he fond vnder a tre  
And told hou the leuedi gret  
And non wist whi it miȝt be  
Therl nold no lenge abide  
At the wode he lete his houndes alle  
The stede he fmot bi the side  
Til he com to his owhen halle  
Thurch chaumbers bothe heyȝe ⁊ wide  
To Ihu he herd hir calle  
On bed he fel hir bifide  
Ysprad it was with grene palle  
The leuedi briȝt so blofme on bouȝ  
Hir sone ſche kiȝt ſwithe sone  
Sori ſche was ⁊ nothing louȝ  
Sche crid to God that fitt in trone

50    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Oft fche hadde ioie anouȝ  
Bituene the prime ȝ the none  
Anoȝr thing to forwe hir drouȝ  
The finnes that fche hadde done  
When fche waked of that res  
Hir fone fche fethe hir bifore  
Sche bad him telle withouten les  
In what lond he was ybore  
Be stille he feyd ȝ haue thi pes  
And lete fwiche wordes be forlore  
For loue leuedi thou me ches  
Icham thine ȝ to the fwore  
The tables riche of yuori  
The leuedi tok out of hir fleue  
Of whom fche feyd is this stori  
Telle me ȝif Y may the leue

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 51

Whenne no man stont the bi  
I chaunber thou leteft al thine hewe  
Y wot thou art wel dreri  
Thine forwes ben euer aliche newe  
He anfwerd at that sawe  
With hert cheld so ani ston  
And feyd icham wele biknowe  
That in the fe ich was ydon  
Bizeten ich was ogaines the lawe  
To God ƿ to the Y figge  
And out of ioie icham yblawe  
Mi foule is brouzt lowe to ligge  
Sche feyd allas mi foule won  
So finful no was neuer non other  
Now icham wedded to mi fone  
That on me bigat mi brother

52    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Swete Ihu that fitt aboue  
Thou wost fram ende to other  
Thi michel merci ⁊ thi loue  
That finful man may help ⁊ frouer  
Tho feyd therl Y se ⁊ finde  
That ich long haue yfouzt  
That Y schal thus knowe mi kinde  
Y wis no liketh it me nouzt  
He that was bifore schal be bihinde  
That hath ous in forwe brouzt  
And careful he schal oway winde  
As he was glad of our thouzt  
Sone what schal me to rede  
Y fike for our bother fike  
Mi bliffe schal ben euer guede  
Mi strong forwe schal neū<sup>r</sup> flake

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 53

He bad hir loue almoſe dede  
Penaūce al for to take  
To heuen blis it wil the lede  
And of thi foule a gode ſeynt make  
Moder now we ſchal part atuinne  
And neū<sup>r</sup> other in this lond ſe  
He hath ous cleped t̃ cald of finne  
The Holy Goſt t̃ pſones thre  
Bifor the dom of alle mankin  
Bifor Godes face ſo ſchal it be  
Better is lat than neuer blinne  
Our foules to maken fre  
Robes riche hadde he than  
As prince that was miche of mizt  
He toke clothes of pouer mañe  
The love of God was on him lizt

54    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

At his moder leue he nam  
Ar the day was vp brizt  
Out of his lond than he cam  
A penaūt he femed poū<sup>r</sup> aplizt  
A pike he made of his spere  
So palmer that walketh wide  
The thridde nizt to a fifcher  
He cam by the fe fide  
Gregorij wold duelle stille  
Al that ich niztes tide  
And gif it war his wille  
Til day that he moſt abide  
The fifcher anſwerd with wordes vnmilde  
Methenk he feyd thou art a ſpie  
Thi bodi is white thi fleſche is wilde  
This liif mauztow nouzt long dreye

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 55

Ȝif thou al niȝt wer me hende  
Tho wost do me vilainie  
Bi him that schal ous alle amende  
In mine hous schaltow nouȝt lye  
Gregori couthe nouȝt preye  
No lenger he nold biſeche  
Bot ȝede forth alle in his way  
Barfot his finnes for to leche  
The fiſchers wiif ich ȝou ſay  
For him bigan to wepe  
For him than ſche wald dye  
Bot he miȝt in hir hous ſlepe  
The fiſcher ſethe his wiif thouȝt  
The penaūt he lete clepe oȝein  
That niȝt he was to reſt ybrouȝt  
Out of the winde t̃ the reyn

56    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

The wiif him bedded wel soft  
In a chaüber ther he schuld leyn  
To Crist he cleped swithe oft  
That miztful is of mizt ⁊ main  
Tho it was time for to soupe  
The cloth was leyd the bord yfett  
The winde blewe schille ⁊ loude  
The fer biforn hem was bett  
The wiif wel zern was about  
That Gregorij were ther to fet  
The housbond was stern ⁊ stout  
The penaüt hadde hard gret  
Gregory was fimple of sawe  
In he com with refoun  
He wescche his honden as it was lawe  
And bi the fer fet him adoun

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 57

A cloth biforn him was drawe  
And gaf him win of mafer broun  
Bred wel white of what yflawe  
The beft that was in alle the toun  
The penaūt feyd mi leuedi fchene  
Mi bodi asketh no fwiche mett  
Bot barly brede ⁊ wat clene  
Ȝif ich it migt finde ⁊ gett  
The fifcher feyd thou theues fere  
Thou makeft ous of the to fpeke  
This gret fifche to for me here  
Bodi ⁊ heued thou woft it ete  
Ȝif thou bi thifelue were  
Anouȝ thou woft ete ⁊ drink  
No mete the to dere no were  
And thou no femeft nouȝt to fwinke

60    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Gregory bifouzt Crift  
That the keye ſchuld neū<sup>r</sup> be founde  
Til forſothe that he wiſt  
His foule wer out of finne ybounde  
Therin was his woniing  
To ſeuentē winter weren agon  
With penaunce ⁊ gret faſting  
To God of heuen he made his mone  
Withouten mete withouten drink  
Bot dewe that fel on the marbel ſton  
The ſtori feyt withouten leſing  
Oy<sup>r</sup> liif no ladde he non  
Now ſchal we lete Gregory  
Bitake we hī God that made man  
Herkeneth alle that beth hendi  
Of the pope that dyed than

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 61

His frendes wer for him fori  
Tho his liif days wer don  
Ded he was so feyt the stori  
His foule went to heuen son  
The bishchopes that were of that lond  
And of gret autorite  
To Rome wer comen thurch Godes fond  
Into that holi cite  
A cardinal spac ther among  
And feyd shortliche att wordes thre  
Wete 3e wele it may nouzt long  
Cristendom unloked be  
Another spac for to spede  
That wele couthe a refoun telle  
And bad that men schuld min hede  
That Cristendom nouzt doun falle

62    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

Tuelve apostles in erthe zede  
The thrittend was God himselue  
The pope is in ftede at nede  
The cardinals be the apostles tuelue  
Bot now of him is don the dede  
Lowe he lith loken in ston  
Who may that folk wisse t rede  
Now pope in Rome haue we non  
Bifeche we Gode wele to spede  
Our eleccoun wele to don  
Also the world hath alle nede  
To help t ward Cristendom  
The cardinals al togider come  
Ensembled thai wer alle tho  
And bifouzt God that made mone  
An holi man to vnder fo

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 63

That digne were to ben in Rome  
Her leccōun wele to do  
That to the world toke zeme  
And holi chirche loke to  
Thai layen alle in afflicōun  
The cardinals euerichon  
The bischopes alle of the toun  
With hem weren ygon  
An angel cam from heuen adoun  
Brizter than the rouwel bon  
And feyd made is this aleccōun  
The king of heuen hath chofen zou on  
Ich bid zou ze feche anon  
It cometh zou to miche frame  
In the world is fwithe non  
To be pope withouten blame

64    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

He woneth in a roche of ston  
Gregory it is his name  
The falt feis about him gon  
With penaūce he is waschen clane  
Than thai hadde herd the steuen  
Of the angel that is so brizt  
Anon thai thonked God of heuen  
Of alle his michel holy mizt  
Messangers thai fenten feuen  
The way token thai wel rizt  
To the toun thai zede wel euen  
Ther Gregory was herberd a nizt  
Thurch the grace of Ihu Crist  
That sent vertu in ston t̃ gras  
To the fischers hous thai went with list  
The Gregori herberwed was

Thai asked him herber we fone  
 Spending thai hadde anouȝ aplizt  
 Therefore him thouȝt it was to done  
 And herberwed hem that ich nizt  
 The fiſcher badde al day ybe  
 In the fe with nettes ſtrong  
 And ther he toke fiſches thre  
 That wer bothe gret ȝ long  
 The fiſcher bad hem com ȝ fe  
 Wat fiſche thai wold fond  
 Wel feir it ſchuld ydiȝt be  
 And y-opened to her hond  
 Ther the fiſches alle lath  
 The beſt of alle thai choſen to  
 And bad men ſchuld hem ſethe ȝ plath  
 And boile hem in watʳ tho

66    LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY.

The fiſcher fond therein a keye  
When the wombe was vndo  
And thouzt that Gregori was faye  
And therfore hī was ful wo .  
Than thai hadde foped eūichon  
And were glad of that niȝt  
The fiſcher aſked hem anon  
To what lond thai hadden tiȝt  
Thai feyden long haue we gon  
After a penaūt yfouȝt riȝt  
That woneth in a roche of ſton  
We not wher he is aliȝt  
In Rome pope ther is non  
Loue of God on him is liȝt  
We ſchuld with ous bring him hom  
Ȝif we miȝt of him haue fiȝt

LEGEND OF POPE GREGORY. 67

The fifcher fwore bi feyn Jon  
Thider Y can thou wiffe arizt  
Y brouzt him to that roche of fton  
Oliue no wot ich him no wizt  
Ther ich him feterd faft t̃ bond  
He me fuffred t̃ ftille lay  
And the keye with mi rizt hond  
Into the fe Y caft away

. . . . .



**The**  
**Legend of Seynt Margrete.**



**The**  
**Legend of Seynt Mergrete.**

AL that ben in dedly finne  
And think with merci to mete  
Leue in Crist that gaue you witt  
Your finnes for to bete  
Liften and ye schul here telle  
With wordes fair and fwete  
The vie of on maiden  
Men clepeth Seyn Mergre[te]

## 72 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Hir fader was a patriarke  
As Y you telle may  
In Antiage he was born  
Opon that falfe lay  
Feble was his hert  
Unftable was his fay  
Deue thinges and doumbe  
He ferued niȝt and day

Teodofus was his name  
In God no leued he nouȝt  
He leued opon his fals godes  
With hondes that wer wrouȝt  
Wicked weren his werkes  
And feble was his thouȝt  
And ever he thouȝt to bring  
Cristendom to nouȝt

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 73

As thai liued togider  
The king and the quene  
Maiden Mergrete  
Was geten hem bituene  
That fethen leued on Jhu Crift  
And hadde michel tene  
And miche pine tholed fethe  
Hir bodi that was fo fchene

While the quen zede with child

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• Eleven lines lost in MS. by the illumination being cut out.

74    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

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That it were to deth brougt  
Withouten more striif  
Tho hye herd that tiding  
Sche wer a careful wiif

Anon fo Mergrete was yborn  
Hir moder was wel wo  
For his fader hadde beden  
To deth that sche schuld go  
Sche thougt to faue the chilles liif  
And bring hir out of wo  
Ful priuiliche and stille  
To Azie sche fent hir tho

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 75

Into Azies ward  
The child was taken to loke  
Anon as fche was of eld  
Mergrete was fett to boke  
Hir felawes that hir lyen bi  
At ich time that thei woke  
Hou Mergrete was in hir bedes  
Gode hede thai toke

The norice that hir zemed  
Sche zemed hir with winne  
Alle thai loued hir ful wele  
The houle ther fche wond inne  
Anon as fche couthe wift  
Michel fche hated finne  
Sche toke hir to Ihu Crist  
Hir form liif to biginne

76    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Anon as the mayden was  
O fiftene winter eld  
Hir norice schepe  
Sche zemed on the feld  
Hir felawes that hir with were  
Ful zern thai hir biheld  
Hou sche maked hir praier  
To Jhus that al may weld

Olibrious was lord  
As we heren telle  
Of Antiage and Azie  
To zeuen and to felle  
He ferued bothe nigt and day  
The foule fendes of helle  
Al that leued on Jhu Crist  
Olibrious thougt to quelle

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 77

Fram Antiage into Afie  
Er miles tene t̃ fiue  
For to ftru the Criften folk  
And bringen hem oliue  
Thai feyze maiden Mergrete  
Schepe biforn hir driue  
Olibrious for hir fairneffe  
Ȝemed hir to wiue

He feyd to his kniztes  
A fair mayden Y fe  
Keftes hir opon hors  
And fche fchal wende with me  
And ȝif ich may enquere  
Of kin that fche be fre  
Of alle the wimen that Y wot  
Beft hir fchal be

78    **LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.**

And for hir michel feirhed  
Ȝif sche be born of thral  
Hir mariage  
No tineth sche nouȝt al  
Wele Y ſchal hir clothe  
In ſikelatoun t̃ pal  
Sche ſchal bē mi leman  
And haue gold to wal

The ſeriaunce went as he hem bad  
To maiden Mergrete  
Ther ſche ȝemed hir norice ſchepe  
O dayes bi the ſtrete  
Michel it was that thai hir bede  
And more thai hir bihete  
The thouȝtes of hir hert  
Wald ſche nouȝt forlete

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 79

The seriaunce of her erand  
Wald hir nouzt bi fwike  
Damifel we say it the  
Ful wele may the like  
Olibrious is louerd  
Of Antiage rike  
He zerneth ze to wiue  
He nil the nouzt bi fwike

Than maiden Mergrete  
Brizt fo ani leuen  
Sche hem anwerd  
With ful mild feuen  
Ichaue zeuen mi maidenhed  
To Ihus Crist of heuen  
Zeme it zif his willes is  
For his name feuen

80    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Ihu Crist mi lord  
To 3ou Y me rend  
In 3ou was no biginning  
No neuer schal ben ende  
Ȝif it be 3our wille  
Ȝour angel 3e me fende  
Fram this foule Sarazins  
Y may me nouȝt defende

Al mi kin Ichaue forfake  
Into mi neizd kne  
Jhu Crist mi lord  
Y toke me to the  
Bletheliche wold Y for thi loue  
Martird to be  
This houndes me hau bifett  
That I no may nouȝt fle

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 81

The feriaunce ogain went  
And told al her fawe  
Lord of thi poufte  
No giueth sche nouzt an hawe  
Sche taketh hir to Ihu Crist  
To warantife wil sche drawe  
Of al that ze may hir do  
No stont hir non awe

Than it spac Olibrious  
Weri him sonne t̃ mone  
Of al min feriaunce  
Gode haue Y none  
Bringeth hir bifor me  
Y turn hir mode ful sone  
Y do hir leue opon mi God  
Thrifis ar it be none

## 82 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

The feriaunce ogain went  
Sone thai gan hir mete  
Thai leyd hondes hir opon  
And brouzt hir to the ftrete  
Sche com bifor Olibrious  
Sone he gan hir grete  
He axed hir what sche higt  
Sche feyd Mergrete

Maiden Mergrete  
Mi leman schaltow be  
Ichold the for mi wiif  
Ȝif thow be of kin fre  
Ȝif thow be of thraldam born  
Y giue the gold and fe  
Thou schalt be mi leman  
So long fo it be

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 83

The maiden hi answerd  
Sone opon on  
Cristen woman icham  
And houen in fun-ſton  
Blifced be mi lord  
To wham ichaue me tan  
No wil Y nougt leue is loue  
For non other man

Troweftow that Ihu liues  
That was don on rode  
Ȝif thou troweft that he liues  
Ich hold the for wode  
Endelong his fide  
Ran the water ʔ the blod  
The coroun was of thornes  
That on his heued ſtode

84    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

The maiden hī anwerd  
So the angel hir kende  
He dede hī on the rode  
Al Criften folk to amende  
And feththen into helle  
The Holy Gost he fende  
To deluer ous of the pine  
That thou schalt in ende

Wele thout that farrazin  
It was him no bote  
To ftriue with that maiden  
Hir hert was fo gode  
He comand that sche bouiden war  
Bothe hond ⁊ fot  
And feththen into prifon don  
To turnen hir mode

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 85

Maiden Mergrete  
O nigt in prifoun lay  
Sche was brougt biforn hi  
Opon that other day  
Maiden Mergrete he feyd  
Thou trowe opon mi lay  
Ihu that thou leuest on  
Thou do him al oway

Trowe on me t̃ be mi wiif  
Wele thou schalt fpede  
Antioge t̃ Azie  
Thou schalt haue to mede  
Sikelatoun t̃ purpel pal  
That schal be thi wede  
With the best metes in mi lond  
Wele Y schal the fede

86    **LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.**

Thine wicke rede sche feyd  
Y do out of mi thouzt  
Y take me to Ihu Crift  
That with hondes me wrouzt  
Al this midlerd  
Maked he of nouzt  
And feththen into helle  
The Holy Gost he brouzt

Than it fpac Olibrious  
Now it fchal be fene  
Hongeth hir vp bi the fete  
For hir lordes tene  
On wham that sche leues  
And whi sche is fo kene  
And beteth hir with fcourges  
Til ze ded hir wene

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 87

The feriaunce dede as he hē bad  
With the may thai gan striue  
With fwepes ⁊ with scourges  
Bothe man ⁊ wiue  
The blod ran of hir flesche  
As water doth from cliue  
Til thai wende al fame  
The maiden wer oliue

Than it spac Olibrious  
Bi hir ther he stode  
And feyd Maiden Mergrete  
Thenke the this paines gode  
Trowe on min goddes  
And wende thou thi mode  
Haue mci on thi white flesche  
Men spilleth thi blod

88    **LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.**

Blifced be mi lord  
That was born in Bedlem  
Of that fwete maiden  
Brigt fo ani lem  
Thou do as the teches  
Satanas thin em  
Methenke this paines fwetter  
Than ani milkes rem

Than it fpac Olibrious  
Hath fche non ah3e  
Alle the paines 3e hir do  
Hir thenke it bot plawe  
With 3our croked nayles  
The hide of 3e drawe  
As clene fram the bon  
Has houndes it hadde knawe

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 89

Alle the curffed theues  
Were ful glad in thougt  
To do the kinges heft  
Thai no targed nouzt  
Anon as the tormentours  
To Mergrete wer ybrouzt  
Thai to drowen hir white flesche  
With iren crokekely wrouzt

Sum that bi hir stoden  
Her hertes wer wel fore  
And feyd fore wepeand  
Mergrete thin ore  
Do after Olibrious  
And lene opon his lore  
Haue merci on thi fair bodi  
And thole this paines no more

90    **LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.**

Mergrete anwerd  
To hē that bi hir stode  
I do me out of ȝour confeyl  
Ȝour redes be nouȝt gode  
Y take me to Ihu Crist  
That was don on the rode  
Al the pine that ich thole  
It is the foules fode

Sche loked vp to Ihu Crist  
Mergrete ⁊ fized fore  
And seyde fwete Jhu Crist  
Y leue opon thi lore  
For this men that pin me thus  
Y crie lord thin ore  
Forȝif hem ⁊ lete me suffre  
For me thou suffredest more

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 91

Than it spac Olibrious  
Werri hi sonne t mone  
Forsothe wenche thi God is nouzt  
To whom thou biddest thi bone  
Bot thou leue on our godes  
And forsake hi sone  
Y warn the wele for al his help  
Thine liif days ben al don

Mergrete anwerd  
Olibrious anon  
Thine godes that thou leuest on  
Er dom so the fton  
Thou haft pouer to reue me  
Mi flesche fram the bon  
To reue me mi foule  
Pouwer hastow non

## 92 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Than feyd Olibrious  
Bot thou turn thi thouzt  
Smertliche t fone  
To deth thou schalt be brouzt  
Bot first thou schalt to prifon  
And michel wo be wrouzt  
Thi God that thou leuest on  
He no schal help the nouzt

Mergrete anwerd tho  
Milde wordes and stille  
Certes wreche of al thi thret  
That thou may do me tille  
Icham redi to fuffre here  
Al mi lordes wille  
And thou schalt to the pine of helle  
For thine werkes ille

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 93

Of Olibrious lokeing  
Men mizt ben agaft  
Taketh Mergrete he feyd  
And fetereth hir ful fast  
And in the deppest prifoun  
Therin ze fchullen hir caft  
And lete hir cole hir bodi thare  
For hir wordes vnwraft

Thei Mergrette were to drawe  
The flefche fram the bon  
Pite of that maiden  
Olibrious hadd non  
Wel hard was Mergrete  
Bifet among her fon  
Saue the help of Ihu Crift  
Help no hadde fche non

94    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Into prifoun fetred  
Mergrete was brouzt  
Jhu Crist of heuen  
Was algat in hir thouzt  
And yblifced mot he be  
He ne forzat hir nouzt  
Out of the court of heuen  
Comfort hir was brouzt

Sone after that Mergrete  
Was in prifoun done  
Ther com an angel fram heuen  
Long er it war none  
And brouzt Mergrete a staf  
That hye schuld under fon  
Fourmed after the rode tre  
That God was on ydon

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 95

Than feyd that angel  
To Mergrete the brizt  
Jhu Crist mi lord  
That is ful of mizt  
To wite the fram thine enemis  
And to saue thi rizt  
He hath sent the this staf  
Ogain the fende to fizt

Maiden Mergrete he feyd  
Drede the no wizt  
Thi fete is made in heuen  
Bifor mi lord so brizt  
No is no tong in erthe  
No non eize fizt  
That may telle the ioie  
Was made of the this nigt

96    **LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.**

The angel into paradys  
Went ozain ful heuen  
And Maiden Mergrete  
With a milde steuen  
Thonked fwete Jhu Crift  
And his names feuen  
That hir hadde fwiche confort fent  
Out of the bliffe of heuen

Maiden Mergrete tho  
Loked hir bifide  
And feize a lothlich dragoun  
Out of an hirn glide  
His eizen wer ful grifeliche  
His mouthe zened wide  
And Mergrete mizt nowhar fle  
Ther fche moft abide

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 97

Maiden Mergrete

Stod stille fo ani ston

And that lothliche worm

To hir ward gan gon

He toke hir in his foule mouthe

And fwalled hir flescche t̃ bon

Anon he to braſt

Damage no hadde fche non

Maiden Mergrete

Opon the dragoun ſtode

Blithe was hir hert

And ioieful was hir mode

Blifced worth Jhu Criſt

His vertus er wel gode

Slayn is the d[r]agoun

Thurch vertu of the rode

98    LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Maiden Mergrete  
Went the dragoun fro  
Scne feize a wele fouler thing  
Sitten in a wro  
He hadde honden on his knes  
And eize on euerich to  
Mizt ther neuer lother thing  
Opon erthe go

Sche zede to that foule wizt  
With the croice in hir hond  
And thurch the mizt of Jhu Crift  
With hir wimpel sche him bond  
Sche toke hī bi the temples  
About sche hī fwong  
Sche fet hir fot in his nek  
To the erthe sche him throng

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 99

Say me fone thou foule wigt  
And thou lotheliche thing  
Who than is thi lord  
And who is thi king  
And who the hider sent  
To make me sturbling  
Seize Y neuer feththen Y was born  
So lotheliche a thing

Leuedi for thi lordes loue  
Thou may ful wele fond  
Left a litel thi fot  
That in mi nek stond  
For michel haue Y walked  
Bi water t̃ bi lond  
Nas Y neuer are bounden  
In so hard bond

100 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Kuffin was mi brother  
The dragoun that thou flouȝ  
Whiles he was on liue  
He wrouȝt wonder anouȝ  
He maketh theues to stele onȝt  
O day to ligge ȝ gouȝ  
And ȝelt hem her feruise  
With wel michel wouȝ

In a dragoun fourme  
Sent he was to the  
For to fpille thi memorie  
Other to quelle the  
Broften is he of peces  
And bounden haftow me  
A maiden hath ous ouercomen  
Litel is our poufte

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 101

Belgys is my name  
Nis no bot to lyze  
No may ich in non wife  
This pain long dreyze  
Is nougt mi gat in erthe  
With the winde Y fleye  
Al Y fond for to quelle  
That Y fee with eize

Ther ich finde a wiif  
That lizter is of barn  
Y com ther also sone  
As euer ani arn  
Ȝif it be unblifced  
Y croke it fot or arm  
Other the wiif hirselu  
Of childebed be forfarn

102 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Ȝif thou wilt al wite  
Aftow may ful wel  
Loke in ich a ftrete  
Thou findes it eūidel  
Y pray the for thi lordes loue  
Thou binde me with ftiel  
That Y no may with thine men  
Neuer ftriue adel

Salamon the wife  
Til he was oliue  
He dede ous in a bras fat  
And delued ous vnder cliue  
When he was oliue farn  
Thai lete ous out driue  
The men out of Babiloune  
The bras fat thai gun riue

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 103


Thai wend to finde gold anouȝ  
And lete ous alle go  
Sū wer fwifter than the winde  
And fum than the ro  
Ȝete then er in erthe  
Ten thoufand t̃ mo  
Al that trowe on J̃hu Crift  
Thai fond at wirche ful wo

Be stille thou foule goſt  
And decende in to helle  
Be thou neuer ſo hardi  
More man to quelle  
Y pray mi lord J̃hu Crift  
Thi pouſte that he felle  
He ſank into erthe  
So ſton 1 drauȝt welle

## 104 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

On that other day  
After it was non  
Olibrious comand  
Sche were of prifoū don  
The Holy Gost of heuen  
He com to hir ful sone  
The rode token in hir hond  
That Crist was on don

Than it spac Olibrious  
Crist giue him iuel dede  
Maiden Mergrete he feyd  
Hastow taken thi rede  
Wiltow bi mi leman  
Y finde the clothe t̃ mete  
Trowe on mi godes anon  
Or thi liif thou schalt forlete



LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 105

Thine godes thai be doumbe  
That thou trowest nine  
Thai er ich a dele  
Ful of fake t̃ finne  
Thai er comen out of helle  
Of Satanas kinne  
Than thou wenes best to liue  
Thou schalt to helle winne

Y rede thou lene on Jhu Crist  
That al the world hath wrouzt  
Fader t̃ Sone t̃ Holy Gost  
That al thing made of nouzt  
And with his fwete blod  
He hath ous alle brouzt  
Leue on hī t̃ be Cristen man  
And lete thi wicke thouzt

106 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Than spac Olibrious  
Ther he fat on his des  
Ichil bileue on mi godes  
That Y formost ches  
For min godes be trewe  
And thine er fals t les  
While thow leuest on him  
Thou schalt have no pes

Maiden Mergrete  
Anfwerd ther sche stode  
Yblifced be Jhu Crist  
His help it is ful gode  
Y no doute the nothing  
Be thou neuer fo wode  
Mi trust is al on Jhu Crist  
That for ous shadde his blod

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 107

Olibrious on Mergrete  
Anon he gan to grenne  
And feyd to his turmentours  
A pine Y wil you kenne  
Taketh ȝ walleth oyle  
And lete opon hir runne  
And bot the wiche turn hir mode  
To deth ȝe schul hir brunne

Forth went the turmentours  
Sorwe hem mot bitide  
And fetten oyle opon the fer  
Thai nold no lenger abide  
Opon hir fair bodi  
Adoun thai lete it glide  
Jhu fent his angels doun  
To stond bi hir fide

108 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

The angels stode hir fo neize  
That nothing miȝt hir greue  
And hir hert was ful gode  
To Godes owen biheue  
Olibrious was abouten  
To turn hir bileue  
And euer sche held to Jhu Crist  
That made Adam and Eue

Maiden quath Olibrious  
Is thi rede ytake  
Wiltow leue on Mahoun  
And thi God forfakē  
Y wis bot thou turn thi mode  
Thi forwe biginneth to wake  
Thou schalt thole deth to day  
For thi lordes fake

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 109

Mergrete him anwerd  
Mildeliche and stille  
Ȝif Y ſchal dye for his loue  
Icham at his wille  
Thei thou reue me mi liif  
Y nil nouȝt turn the tille  
Thou ſchal nouȝt mi foule greue  
For al thine pines ille

Olibrious was neȝze wode  
For wrettthe of that wenche  
Opon a grete wickedniſſe  
He gan him bithenche  
In a fat ful of water  
He bad men ſchuld hir finche  
And bot ſche wald turn hir mode  
Therin men ſchuld hir drenche

110 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Alle the wicke turmentours  
Hong mot thay heize  
Fast thai were about  
That Mergrete schuld dye  
Thai fild a fat ful of water  
Fast bi the eize  
To drenche Mergrete therinne  
Fast thai gun heye

Than spac that maiden  
Mergrete that was so fre  
Jhu Crist mi louerd  
Yblifed mot thou be  
Ȝif it be thi wille  
The water that Y fe  
Lete me cristen therinne  
In the name of the

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 111

The turmentours token hir  
Bothe bon and fel  
And wold drenche hir therinne  
Thai wende do ful wel  
To comfort that maiden  
An angel was ful fnel  
That fwete Jhus Crift hir sent  
To comfort hir ful wel

Alle the pople feize there  
An angel com fle  
And toke Mergrete of the water  
That thai al migt fe  
The fat braft on peces  
The folk bigan to fle  
Olibrious that was king  
A fori man was he

112 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Tho the popel feizen  
Al the fat to driue  
To forsake Mahoun  
Thai heyed hem biliue  
And leued opon Jhu Crist  
Fif thousand and fwe  
Olibrious lete flen hem alle  
And bringen hem oliue

Anon bifer Olibrious  
The turmentours ronne  
And feyd fir it is for nouzt  
Al that we hau bigonne  
Ther com fleyand bestes  
As brigt as ani sonne  
And sauen hir fram harm  
For all that euer we conne

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 113


Olibrious was neize wode  
Ailed him no game  
He cleped forth a turmentour  
Was he nothing lame  
A ftrong manqueller  
Malcous was his name  
Olibrious bithouzt him  
To do Mergrete schame

Malcous quath Olibrius  
Go and heize the fwithe  
Lade this wiche out of toun  
And bring hir oliue  
With thi fwerd fmite of hir hed  
And lat the blod out driue  
No schal sche neuer after this day  
More ogains me ftriue

114 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Malcous tok Mergrete  
And ladde hir out of toun  
Ther was the ftede to heued men  
A litel bifide adoun  
And feyd maiden froupe her  
Ther whiles Y fchaue thi croun  
And Y fchal maken al blodi  
Thine lockes that ben broun

Ther fuwed Mergrete to the deth  
Al that migten go  
Mani was that moder child  
That for hir deth was wo  
The thonder gan to brest  
The fonne wer al blo  
The pople fel adoun to gronde  
Thai nift of wele no wo



LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 115 .

Ther com an angel fram heuen  
That was brigt of ble  
And feyd Mergrete  
Yblifced mot thou be  
Jhus Crift of heuen  
Sent the word bi me  
In the bliffe of heuen  
Coround fchaltow be

Milde Mergrete  
That was fo gode a mayde  
Tho fche herd the angel voice  
Sche bigan to abrayd  
The tidinges that he brouzt hir  
Neize hir hert fche leyd  
And fett hir doun opon hir kne  
And this wordes fche feyd

116 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Blifced be Ihu Crist  
That hath me sent that fond  
And dyed on the rode tre  
To bring ous out of bond  
Lord ich bifeke the  
Lete mi biding stond  
Of that ichil bifeke the  
For finful men in lond

Mergrete the milde  
That was Godes mayde  
Thougt opon the wordes  
The dragoun in prifoun feyd  
That deuels zede in erthe  
Women for to breyd  
That were traueland of child  
Or doun in childe bed leyd

---

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 117


Than bad Mergrete  
To Jhu that was so fre  
Ȝif ani woman trauayl  
And hard clepeth to me  
Deliver hir Lord with ioie  
Thurch vertu of the tre  
That thou deft thi body on  
To make ous al fre

Alle that mi passioun  
Heren other rede  
Other that in mi name  
Don ani almos dede  
Jhu Crist mi lord  
With honour thou hem fede  
The fwete blis of heuen  
Grant hem Lord to mede

118 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Ther com a voice from Jhu Crist  
That sat in trinite  
And feyd to maiden Mergrete  
Yblifced mot thou be  
Of thatow haft me bifouzt  
Thi bone grant Y the  
In the bliffe of heuen  
Thou schalt won with me

Tho that maiden Mergrete  
Hadde herd that miri feuen  
That com fram fwete Jhu Crist  
Out of the blis of heuen  
Bifor Malcous fche kneled  
Opon hir knes ful euen  
And bad him fmite of hir heued  
Mo times than feuen



---

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 119

Sche crid opon Malcous  
Nold fche neuer bliñe  
Malcous fmite of mi heued  
Forgiue Y the the finne  
That nold Y do he feyd  
For al this warld to winne  
Thi louerd hath with the fpeke  
In wham thou leueft inne

Malcous quath Mergrete  
For fothe Y telle the  
Bot thou fmite of min heued  
Thou migt nouzt faued be  
Haue ydon and fmite it of  
And Y wil bid for the  
That thou fchalt haue the blis  
That Jhu hath graunted me

---

## 120 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Malcous had turned his thouzt  
To Jhu Crift biheue  
For the miracle that he feize  
He turned to Gode bileue  
And fori he was in hert  
That he schuld hir greue  
And zete he fmot of hir heued  
Ar that it was eue

Anon as he had ydon  
He kneled opon the grounde  
And bifouzt him merci  
That for ous tholed wounde  
The angels cam fram heuen  
Within a litel stounde  
And bar Mergrete foule  
Ther al mirthe is founde

---

LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE. 121

Teodofious a kniȝt  
That leued on Godes lay  
And the norice of Afie  
That loked that fair may  
Thai toke vp hir fwete bodi  
Slawe ther it lay  
And bird it with miche anour  
Opon that other day

Tho Mergrete was bird  
As beth other mo  
And Teodofious the kniȝt  
Was ywent hir fro  
Alle that wer feke  
That thider wald go  
Jhu thurch his vertu  
Deliuerd hem of wo

---

122 LEGEND OF SEYNT MERGRETE.

Teodosious the kniȝt  
He lete writen hir liif  
That is now ouer al the world  
Name couthe and riif  
Hou ſche tholed hir paſſioun  
Stille withouten ſtriif  
That mirthe is of to here  
To maiden and to wiif

Jhu that on the rode was don  
Our foules for to borwe  
Scheld ous fram the pine of helle  
And bring ous out of forwe  
And grace for to zeme ous  
Out of dedli finne  
And grānt ous the miche ioie  
Ther ſeynt Mergrete is inne  
Amen.

---

## **Joachim and Anne.**



## **Joachim and Anne,**

**OUR LEUEDIS MODER.**

AL that the prophetes schewed whilom  
In her prophecie  
Al it was off our Lord  
And of his moder Marie  
Bothe Moyfis and Abraham  
Jonas ⁊ Helye  
Dauid ⁊ Daniel  
And the holy Geromie

When men here telle of thing that thai louen  
Joie thai hau t blis  
With fwiche a man may wite best  
What him leuest is  
Gif our lord me wil grace fende  
To telle ich haue in thougt  
Of the most ioie that euer was  
Among mankin wrougt

Hou we were al to liue brougt  
After we were forlore  
And hou that fwete Jhu  
On erthe was ybore  
A gode man that higt Yfaker  
Whas while bi old dawe  
In Beddelem hadde to douhtern  
In the old lawe

That on was yhoten Anne  
That bar the maiden Marie  
That other was Elizabeth moder  
Hir name was Ismerie  
Elizabeth bar of hir bodi  
Seyn Jon the Baptift  
And Marie Anne douhter  
Bar Jhu Crift

A gode man was in Galile  
That higt Joachim  
Schepperd he was t̃ holy man  
Godes grace was with him  
Tho he was of tuenti yere  
Seynt Anne he nam to wiue  
Ther ner wiman no men ī Jerl̃m  
Of fo clene liue

Thai deden bothe our lordes Crift  
And her gode delen a-thre  
Al that thai hadde fro 3er to 3er  
Ich man migt it fe  
That o del thai gaue to the temple  
And to hem that wer therinne  
Of ai that we teizen now to holy chirche  
Of that we mow winne

That other dele thai gaue to pouer men  
And to wayfereing also  
Withe thridde del thai lieuden hēself  
Godes seruife to do  
Ther no were men of Yfrael  
That fo miche gode hadden  
As Joachim and Anne his wiif  
For treuthe that thai ladden

For it ferd as it doth zete  
The men that wilen bring  
Holy chirche her riztes  
Her gode schal sprede ⁊ spring  
Tuenti in spouſehed zer  
Togider her liif thai ladden  
Joachim ⁊ Anne his wiif  
And no child togider hadden

Aſchamed thai were therof fore  
For hem thougt that thai were  
Forzeten of God forbi al other  
For thai no child no bere  
Thai bihizten God zif that he wold  
Ani child hem fende  
That thai it wold to Godes ſeruife  
Oblifen atte nende

Ich zere as Joachim  
 To the temple he wende  
 Thre fithes to stable his best  
 Ȝif God him wald fende  
 And dede his offrende largeliche  
 Of al thing that he hadde  
 For schame ȝ for forwe  
 That no child thai togider nadde

Tho thai hade tuenti zer her liif  
 Togider y-ladde so  
 Joachim offred to the temple  
 As he was wont to do  
 The preft that the temple wift  
 Put him abac anon  
 And feyd he nas nouȝt worthi  
 Among gode men to gon

And that our lord schewed hī wel  
When he no tholed nouȝt  
That ani child as other men  
Were forth y-brouȝt  
Joachim was fore aschamed  
And went him out onon  
For schame among other men  
Into the temple no miȝt he gon

Into ferre cuntre he went  
With his schepe wepeand ful fore  
He no thouȝt nouȝt to the temple come  
No to Anne his wiif no more  
In gret forwe ther he was  
And in care monethes fiue  
That he no herd of his frende no word  
No of Anne his wiue

An angel com fram heuen  
And badde him be glad ⁊ blithe  
And feyd our lord wald hī fende  
That he willed after fwithē  
And faid that Anne schuld haue  
A douzter of him bizete  
To ioie ⁊ blis of al the world  
As the prophetes hadde y-write

And in figne therof he bad hī hom gon  
And ȝif he it leue nolde  
At the gilden gate Anne his wiif  
Homward y-mete he schold  
Ne mizt Joachim this y-leue  
For thai so long childles were  
Ac homward he went notheles  
He no durft elles for fere

Gret diol made Anne for him  
No migt no wiman more  
In on erbere fche fat o day  
And wepe fwithe fore  
And wrong hir honden t cride on Gode  
Vnder a lorer tre  
As fche loked vpward to Jhu Crist  
Ther fche gan y-fe

A fparuwe nest with young briddes  
Lord thin ore fche fede  
Ich thing thou sendest ioie bot ous  
And echeing of her blede  
Ous thou makest joiles  
That Y no fe non other fo  
And wonder me think gif Y durst figge  
That thou wilt fo do

When thou binimest me min children  
And eke thou hast me binome  
Mine hosbond that mi joie was in  
Y not where he is bcome  
Tho com an angel to hir  
Doute the nothing he fede  
For that child thou schalt on erthe bere  
Is al bi Godes rede


Al the world schal wonder therof  
And therof y-faued be  
Bi time thou schalt the child bere  
Sone thou schalt y-fe  
Ogain thine husbond thou schalt wende  
And don fwithe wele thi bone  
At the gilden gate thou schalt hi mete  
No com thou neuer fo fone

This wiif leued it nouzt wel  
Ac natheles forth fche went  
Ogain hir husbond to meten hi  
As the angel hir hadde kent  
This gode man ⁊ his gode wiif  
Togider thai hem mett  
At the gilden gate with ioie  
As the angel hem hadde fett

Thai clippe ⁊ kift with ioie ynou3  
The better thai leued anon  
To hau a child as the angel feyd  
Homward thai gan gon  
Sone after as it bifel  
Bi woman rízt kinde  
Seynt Anne bar that fwete bern  
That euer worth in meninge

Marie thurch whom we y-faued beth  
That er were fol lore  
The eiztethe day of September  
This bern was y-bore  
Cristen men thot com feththen  
Of her birthe time nisten nouzt  
Ar now late thurch miracle  
Thai were therin y-brouzt

An holy man ther was that ich 3er  
Gret ioie in heuen faye  
Fram 3er to 3er as it falleth  
In September our Leuedi day  
Our Lord he bad 3if it were his wille  
He fende him tokeninge there  
Whi more ioie that ich day  
Than in other that in heuen were



An angel feyd that our Leuedi  
Y-born was on that day  
And therefore was alle the ioie in heuen  
When he that time y-fay  
He badde hī figge in holi chirche  
That men on erthe also  
Schuld maken fest ī thilke day  
As he feize in heuen do  
Holi chirche vnderftode  
Hir birthe-time first in this maner  
Telle we now of the holy liif  
That fche liued here

Anon as fche was thre 3er old  
As it fel in the lawe  
To the temple fche was offred  
As men dede bi old dawe

Tho fche bileued hir moder breft  
That fche ne feke no more  
And than fche was to the temple come  
Man mizt y-fe Godes ore

For ther wer fiftene greces y-made  
Bifor the heize auter  
In honour of the fiftene falmes  
That ben writen in the fauter  
This zong thing com ich grece after other  
Fort hye com vp an heize  
As a wiman of gret eld were  
No man no com hir neize

After fader no moder no biheld fche nouzt  
Tho fche vpward fteize

Gret wonder hadde of that zong thing  
Ich man that it feize  
Chastete fche bihete al hir liif  
Ȝif it Godes wille were  
With other maidens in the temple  
Sche was y-fett to lere

So reynable ȝ queint fche was  
Of witt ȝ of dede  
That ich man hadde of so zong thing  
Wonder ȝ eke drede  
Sche nas neuer fen ones wroth  
No leizeand ones gon  
No miſfigge to no man  
Bot euer more in on

Sche fuewed t span t kembede also  
Bothe wollen t linne  
Other erthelich gode hadde sche non  
Her liiflade for to winne  
Ich werke days bi rízt tides  
Euen sche deled on thre  
Ich morwe fort vnder were  
In her bedes sche wald be

And fram vnder to mid ouer none  
To hir werk sche wald fitt  
Weuen or spinne or fewe  
Gode sche was of witt  
Fort euen sche was in hir beden  
With word t with thought  
An angel come to her eueriday  
And fram heuen hir mete brouzt

Litel other mete men feize hir ete  
Ac that fche wrougt with hir hond  
Among pouer fche delt it ich del  
And liued bi Godes fond  
When fche of ani fike herd telle  
Anon to hem fche went  
And comfort hem ⁊ made hem hole  
Thurch the grace that God hir fent

In her childhed al this was  
That ichaue of y-told  
For ich godniffe was with hir  
Bothe zong ⁊ old  
Tho fche was fourtene zer eld  
The bifchop of the lawe  
Hete that ich maiden of hir eld  
Homward fchuld drawe

To taken hufbond as it was lawe  
The maidens euerichone  
Wem wele of the heft y-paid  
Bot Mari hirself alone  
Tho fche was y-hote forth with other  
Hufbond for to take  
Sir fche feyd what that lawe wille  
Y nil it nougt forfake


Ac mi fader t̃ mi moder bihigt for me  
Er that ich were bizete  
That Y fchuld ī chafte  
Al mi liif me wite  
And mefelf while Y was child  
Bihete mi lord alone  
To liue mi liif in chafte  
Withouten mannes mone

Therefore ich you figge forfothe  
As forth as is mi wille  
Nei man fchal Y neuer come  
Mi maidenhed to fpille  
The bifchop t̃ his other maifters  
That of the temple were  
Of her word nomen ftrong confeil  
And were in gret fere

For the boke wil ozin fwiche heft  
No man fchuld be  
And the lawe wille that from fpoufehod  
No maiden no fchuld fle  
Her comoun confeil therof thai nome  
And fram day to day were  
In bedes to bid our Lord therof  
Sum tokening fende hem there

Advice com fram heuen  
And lete men schuld take  
Al the men of Dauid kin  
That were withouten make  
That were of eld to take wiif  
And ich of hem than bere  
A bare yerd to the auter  
As the bifchop hem schuld lere  
And fwiche yerd so wald blowe  
And a coluer theron brought  
That thai bitoken hi Mari to spoufe  
That thai no lete it nouzt

Glad was the bifchop of the tokening  
Anon he lete crie there  
That al that were of Dauid kin  
A yerd to the auter bere



Tho thai were togider y-come  
And ich hadde yerd in hond  
An old [man] there was that hizt Josef  
Bihinden he gan ftonde

His vnthonkes he was thider brouzt  
He no durft elles for fere  
His yerde he hidde tho his felawes  
Her yerde to the auter bere  
Tho was ther non that was y-blowe  
Josep thai vndergete  
That he hadde his yerde y-hidde  
And gun him anon to threte

Thai made him bere his yerde forth  
Ouerhouen no mizt he ben

Ac tho he to the auter come  
Miracle men migt y-fen  
Wel fair bigan his yerd to blowe  
That ere was old t bare  
And theron fat a coluer white  
Fair miracle was thare

Vp the yerde he fat long while  
And feththen the folk it feyze  
That it fleize about in the temple  
And feththen into heuen on heize  
Ther nas non that this feize  
That fore adrad tho nas  
And Josef the old man  
Ful fori in his hert was

That him was loked that maiden to haue  
Aſchamed he was fore  
Loketh he feyd mi febleleſſe  
And hath of me milce ⁊ ore  
Nam ich an old man ⁊ with children  
Mi mizt is me binome  
And ſche is a zong thing therfore it is finne  
Make ous togider come

Jofep min zeme the biſchop feyd  
That thou theſelf no ſpille  
As Datan dede ⁊ Abyron  
For thai were again Godes wille  
Tho was Jofep fore aferd  
And durſt nouzt figge nay  
For drede of our Lordes wreche  
He gun to like fore ⁊ cray

Againes Godes wille nil Y be nouzt  
Ac feththen it mot fo nede  
Wedden ich hir wille ac hye schal neuer for me  
Hir ma[i]denhed schede  
Ichil hir wardain ben  
Other thing no may Y do nouzt  
That mi fone hir may wedde after me  
That our kinde beth forth brouzt  
For the lawe was fwiche than  
Ȝif a man no mizt haue child bi his wiue  
That his next kinfeman hir wedde schold  
Anon after his liue

And fo on after other of the blod  
That chilles were forth y-brouzt  
Who fo non wonne vnworthi he was  
Ac now no farth it fo nouzt




In fwicche atent Josef wedded  
This clene maiden there  
For non other thing our Lord nould  
That hye vnwedded nere

But for his moder no schuld afclanderd be  
That hye with childe vnwedded were  
That the deuel no vndergete  
That a ma[i]den on erthe ani childe bere  
For gif he it hadde ywite or vndergete  
That hit hadde ben Godes sone  
He wald haue conturbed al the dede  
Of his fwete passione  
And our Lord wold that his moder were  
In the best stat y-nempned ʒ fede  
Of wimen that thre flatus han  
And the heizt is maidenhed

Of .v. thinges he bitauzt hem werk  
As to hem wald bifalle  
Of flex of filk of cheifel  
Of porpre t̃ of palle  
Tho thai were with this werk  
To Nazareth y-gon  
Thai casten lot what maner wark  
Ich of hem schuld fon  
Tho the lot bifell to Marie  
The porpre to hau on hond  
To maken the veile of the temple  
The other hadde therto ond

And feyd thou art so litel  
How is it the bifalle  
Richore werk to werche  
And nobler than we alle



So it bifel in her mouthe  
In hem thai it gun leden  
Quen of maidens thai cleped hir  
Thai nift hou thai it feden  
Oft thay fong that ich fong  
As it bi cas fel in her thougt  
An angel com ʒ told hem fore  
That fothe it fchuld be brouzt  
And feyd her fong was prophecie  
That fche was maidens quen  
And that euer ʒ euer the fothniffe  
Schuld therof ben y-fen  
Tho were the other maiden[s] adredde  
Left thai hadde miffede  
That our Leuedi forgiveniffe  
Ich after other bede

As Mari this clene thing  
An a day a lauor nam  
And ftoode at on welle  
The angel to hir cam  
And feyd y-blifced be thou Marie  
For God the hath y-feize  
His owen woning for to be  
No haue therof non eize  
With this word he went him forth  
And Mari was in thouzt  
What tiding mizt be that  
The angel hadde hir brouzt  
Into her chaumber fche went ozen  
In joie ⁊ eke in drede  
And held her therin priueliche  
And hir orifouns fede

Therafter the thridde day  
Our Lord to hir sent  
His archangel Gabriel  
To this maiden he went  
As hye alon in chaumber was  
In hir bedes Y wis  
He feyd hayl be thou Marie  
Ful of grace  
Our Lord with the is  
Ther rizt the Holi Gost  
Thurch the angels greteing  
In that holy maiden aligt  
For ous of pine to bring

This was the firft dede of joie  
That in erthe firft to ous cam

On Seynt Mari day that falle in luyde  
That our Lord flefche t̃ blod nam  
Wele auzt men honour that day  
For thilke day Y wis  
Adam our form fader finne dede  
And brougt ous out of blis  
In thilke day the lither Kaim  
Abel his brother flouȝ  
And on that day Abraham to Yfac his fone  
His fwerd drouȝ  
In thilke day he lizt in his fwete moder  
Our Lord J̃hu Crift  
In thilke day fo was beheueded  
Seyn Jon the Baptift  
In thilke day was our Lord Crift  
Don opon the rode

Wele ouzt man honour that ich day  
Who fo him wele vnderftode

Of on prophecie Y wil zou telle  
That higt Zakarie  
His wiif higt Elifabeth  
For Godes moder Marie  
Was hir cofyn ful neize fib  
Forfothe withouten lize  
And fo we han told biforn  
In this boke tvie  
Zakarie t his wiif  
Togider thai were long  
Eld thai were t barain  
Migt thai no child afong  
Ac ni the threttend zer  
Of Herodes kingdom

The Archangel Gabriel  
To Zakarie com  
And feyd his wiif Elifabeth  
With child was y-brougt  
And Zakarie feyd ogain to him  
This no leue Y nougt  
With this word he was doumbe  
His fpeche was forlorn  
That he no migt nizen mones fpeke  
Er that the child was born  
Tho went Marie to Elifabeth  
And was with her mones thre  
In the lond of Jude til fche hade child  
As the boke telleth me

Tho this wimen togider com  
Gret ioie thai made t blis

And zete made the children mo  
In the moder wombe Y wis  
Tho Elifabeth had child  
In on Miffomers day  
Zakarie nam a penne  
As he specheles lay  
And wrot it schuld hot Jon  
And tho he hadde y-do  
He bigan to heri Jhu Crift  
And his speche com him to  
Sex mones ther bifore it was  
That Gabriel to Mari went  
Tho fche contained that fwete bern  
As God his grace fent  
The angel feyd in his prophecie  
That his fone Jon

Dye schuld ar our Lord  
And into helle gon  
Withouten pine ʒ make our Lorde way  
And prechi his coming  
And al the wife old men  
Out of helle bring

Tho that child was y-bore  
The eizten day  
Thai lete it circumfisen  
As it fel in the lay  
Sone he couthe manes witt  
Into wildernisse he gan wende  
Ther he woned forgrowe with moffe  
Nei to his liues ende  
Anon so Elifabet of childbed aros  
Marie that maiden mild

Went her hom wel stilleliche  
Sche zede gret with childe  
Tho our Leuedi thurch the Holy Gost  
Gret with child was  
Jofep was euer in Bedlem  
He nift nouzt of that cas  
Aboute his mifter t̃ his nedes  
Nize mones he was there  
In winter he went to his wiif  
As it bifel in the zere  
Tho fond he Mari gret with child  
Lord wat him was wo  
Mifcas he feyd ichaue ynou3  
Thei Y no hadde no mo  
Lete me anon gif thi wille  
The deth vnderfong

For better were bitime [to] dye  
Than in wo to hie long  
The diol that the gode man made  
No tong no tel may  
Our Leuedi held her euer stille  
Tho fche his diol y-fay

Ac the maidens that hir felawes were  
Sir thai feyd thin ore  
Withouten gilt it is ʒ for nouzt  
That thou careft fo fore  
For thi wiif is chafte ʒ gode ynouzt  
No nother of hir we niſt  
For fche ne fpac neuer in priuete  
With no man that we wiſt  
Whi fay ze fo feyd Joſep  
It may nouzt fo ben

Nis sche now with child gret  
The fothe ye may fen

Certes fir the maidens feyden  
When thou it wilt y-witen  
In priuete fpac neuer man with hir  
That we mizt yndergeten  
Bot the angel on t̃ that was oft  
Ȝif we it durft figge Y wis  
Ȝif sche with child is brouzt  
Bi the angel it is  
A waleway Josef feyd  
Whi wil 3e me fo betray  
Me fely wreche for ich am feble  
In min old day  
Par auentour in fum angel like  
A zong man to hir cam


And hath y-brougt hir with childe  
And hir maidenhed hir binam  
Allas allas how schal ich nouthe  
To the temple go  
The bishopes t̃ the prestes how schal Y fe  
No wonder thei me be wo  
Grete diol he made t̃ fore wepe  
As we finden in writt  
He thougt he wald oway flen  
That no man schuld it wite  
Anigt as he awayward was  
An angel to him cam  
And bad him bileuen al that diol  
That he to him nam

**Seynt Katerine.**



## **Seynt Katerine.**

HE that made heuen ⁊ erthe  
And sonne ⁊ mone for to schine  
Bring ous into his riche  
And scheld ous fram helle pine  
Herken ⁊ Y zou wil telle  
The liif of an holy virgine  
That treuli trowed in Jhu Crist  
Hir name was hoten Katerine



Whilom it bitid fo  
In Grece it was an emperour  
He was king of mani palays  
Castels gret ʔ mani a tour  
The riche men of that lond  
Serued him with gret honour  
Maxens was his riȝt name  
Man he was of gret fauour

Mahoun he held for his god  
He trowed in that fals lay  
On Jhu Crist no leued he nouȝt  
That Lord is ʔ God verray  
Sarrazin he was ful strong  
With Cristendom he feyd nay  
For alle that leued on Jhu Crist  
He stroyd hem bothe niȝt ʔ day

When he hadde .xxxv. ȝ thritti ȝer  
Emperour ȝ born the croun  
Ouer alle the lond he fent his fond  
With meffangers fram toun to toun  
To the borwe of Alifander  
He bad the folk schuld be boun  
Riche ȝ pouer heize ȝ lowe  
With her offrend to feke Mahoun

He bad that riche men schuld bring  
Schepe ȝ nete to her offrinde  
The pouer men he bad come  
With quic foules on her honde  
And as thai wald her liues haue  
For no thing no schuld thai wond  
It was the kinges comandment  
That he hadde comand in that lond

The folk com alle on this maner  
To wrettthe the king thai were for dred  
Bifor his godes himfeluen he stode  
In riche clothes was he cled  
Glewemen were ther fele ⁊ gode  
He bad hem be blithe ⁊ glad  
Noife thai made fwithe miche  
So themperour hem badde

Another king was in that lond  
Coftais his name was told  
A douhter he had ⁊ no mo  
.XV. winter was fche old  
Katerine was hir rízt name  
Of witt ⁊ wifdome was fche bold  
Jhu fche loued aldermest  
For his loue was hir liif fold

As sche stode in her fader court  
Glewemen herd sche miri sing  
With pipes & with trompes bothe  
Belles herd sche fast ring  
Sche axed at hir fader men  
What was that noife & that pipeing  
Thai told hir of that riche offring  
That Maxens dede his men to bring

Sche heue vp hir holy hond  
And blifced hir ful witterly  
First hir brest & seththen hir tonge  
So feyt the boke of hir stori  
Sche feyd sche wald thider wende  
For to se that melodye  
Withouten fere zede sche nougt  
Thai zede hir with that stode hir bi

When sche com to that palays  
Miche sche feyze of gamen ⁊ gle  
And all that trowed on Jhu Crist  
Wel fori men sche feize hem be  
Or thai schuld make sacrifise  
To his maumet was maked of tre  
And of ston ⁊ of bras  
Other elles schuld thai marterd be


Sche com bifer that emperour  
Ther he made his sacrifise  
And gret him on this maner  
Wordes had sche bold ⁊ wise  
Jhus Crist be with the  
Rigt wise king ⁊ heye justife  
That tholed ded opon the tre  
And feththen hadde pouwer for to rise

Y speke of Jhu Marie sone  
Of alle kinges he is flour  
That suffred deth for al man kin  
He is our alder creatour  
Y hold the ful wife of witt  
Sir Maxens our Emperour  
Ȝif thou makest alle this folk  
Him to seche with fwiche honour

Bot now methinke thou dost nouȝt fo  
Thou werchest onawers wife  
The folk that thou hast hider brouȝt  
Thou dost hem do the fende seruise  
Ȝif thai do more after the  
Forsothe it is a cowardise  
For that thou hast ymaked here  
Fikel it is t̃ al feyntise

This Emperour forwondred was  
Of that maidens fair vife  
And of hir bold wordes also  
Maiden he feyd thou art vnwife  
Whi mispraifes thou our God  
And holdest hem of so litel prife  
So no festow ous nouzt do  
That wereth bothe fowe ⁊ grife

Ȝif thou were lered on our lore  
And to our scole entendaunt  
Thou wost say we dede ful wel  
And with the tonge thou wost regraunt  
Jhus Crist thou wost forsake  
That thou drawest to thi waraunt  
And our Godes wostow feke  
Bothe Mahoun ⁊ Tervagaunt



Bot for we hau begonne here

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Thife ben quic deuelen alle

That this folk hau here y-fouzt

\* Eleven lines cut out in MS.

It is no God bot on Y wis  
That me ȝ tē ȝ alle hath wrougt

This Emperour ful wiley was  
And ȝete he couthe another croke  
Letters dede he fwithe make  
Priueli fo feyt the boke  
How that a maiden was ther com  
That our godes al forfake  
He feld it with his owen ring  
That he of his finger tok

He toke the meſſanger the letter  
That feled was with his ring  
To the wiſeſt men of that lond  
He bad hem go withouten duelling

He hiȝt to don hem gret anour  
As he was trewe kniȝt t̃ king  
Ȝif thai miȝt with her wiſdom  
Ouercom that may that was ſo ȝing

The maiden was in priſoun don  
Son the meſſangers were went  
An angel com to hir ful ſone  
That J̃hu Criſt hir hadde y-ſent  
He feyd mi Lord greteth the wele  
That witt t̃ wiſdom hath the lent  
And biddes the be of hert ſtrong  
And trow on him with gode entent

Maxens hath now ſent his fond  
Ouer al into this cuntre

After men that ben ful wife  
With the to striue astow schalt fe  
Bot bi thai hau thi wordes herd  
As Jhus Crist schal wisse the  
Her trouthe worth in God ful gode  
And for his loue thai schal marterd be

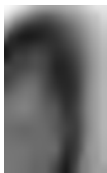
Ouer al the lond that was so wide  
His messengers went ful zare  
Fifti men with hem hai brougt  
Grete clerkes t̃ wife of lare  
Of al the wisdom of the lond  
Men seyde that thai redi ware  
For to dispute with Katerine  
That Maxens hadde in prisoun thare

Among hem was the maiden brougt  
Wrothly thai gun to hir bere  
Her refouns thai seyden on ⁊ on  
Euerich on his best maner  
This mayden that ich of told  
Stode euer with fimple chere  
And herd her refouns euerichon  
Godes angel was hir fere

When thai hadde her reffouns feyd  
Euerichon more ⁊ leffe  
Sche anwerd hem at eueri point  
With ful michel mildenis  
And feththen feyd hir aviis  
Of God that Louerd was ⁊ euer iffe  
That euer was ⁊ ay fchal be  
The godspelle fche tok to witnisse


Sche schewed hem with holy writ  
Of Jhus incarnacioun  
Hou he was of maiden born  
And hou he suffred passiou  
And hou he sent his apostles wide  
For our alder sauacioun  
And alle the bileue of Criften man  
Sche schewed hem with gode refoun

When the maiden hadde feyd  
Hir refouns that wer gode  
Ful redi were the maisters alle  
For to chaungen her mode  
Bot ther Maxens himfeluen fat  
For wretthe he wax wel ney wode  
And asked 3if thai couthe ouzt fain  
Ogain the maiden ther sche stode



Than fpac a maifter fone  
Of heize kin he was born  
Sir he feyd we hau gon mis  
Sche hath arefoun ous biforn  
We wil trowe on Jhu Crift  
That bar the croun was made of thorn  
And do fo Katerine hath ous told  
Loth ous is to be forlorn

Sone anon he axed hem  
Ȝif thai wald her mode amend  
Thai feyd we trowe on Jhu Crift  
So Katerine ous hath kende  
He bad make a gre[te] fer  
And bind hem fot ʒ hende  
And fwore amidward the borwe  
Ich afot fchuld thai be brende



When men keft hem in fer  
Fair miracle men miȝt fe  
Her fleſche her clothes t her here  
Of wem were quite t fre  
For him thai ſuffred paſſioun  
That for hem dyed on tre  
To heuen were her ſoules born  
In Godes frari to be

Than bad themperour his men  
Bring forth that fair may  
And when ſche was biforn him com  
He feyd welcom parmaſay  
Haſtow ȝete thi conſeyl take  
For to trowe opon mi lay  
Haue merci on thi feirhed  
Y ſchal the worthſchip ich day

Thou schalt be worthschiped as the quen  
Bothe in bour ⁊ halle  
And in thi name schal be wrouzt  
An ymage fair withalle  
And in this borwe it schal be sett  
Heize ⁊ lowe to louten alle  
Of alle the nedes of this lond  
To the we schal conseyl calle

Heize ⁊ lowe worthschipe the  
Katerine do as Y the bede  
And zete we schal the more do  
Ȝif thou wilt wirche after mi red  
A temple in thi worthschip make  
Of marble ston when thou art ded  
Among our godes thou schalt be sett  
In filuer ⁊ in gold rede

Be stille fole whi feyflow fo  
Thou redest me to do gret finne  
What man wald y-dampned be  
For ani maner warldes winne  
Ich haue me taken to Jhus Crist  
Him to serue ⁊ trowen inne  
Ich hope to com to his riche  
Ther joie ⁊ blis schal neuer blinne

Min hope is in him aldermoft  
Lord abouen in Trinite  
He is mi loue he is mi spouse  
To fwiche a leman take Y me  
And zif it were ani bot  
At that confeyl wald Y be  
Thine maumettes to breke ⁊ brenne  
Thou made hem ⁊ thai nouzt the

When that Katerine hadde y-feyd  
Him thougt he schuld breft in fue  
With ire ⁊ wrethe he bad his men  
Do as Y zou bid fwithe  
With schourges fwithe gret ⁊ fsharp  
Beteth hir al out olive  
And doth hir seththen in prifoun strong  
Wat bote is it al day to friue


Thai made hir body blo ⁊ blac  
That er was white fo alpes bon  
Seththen feyd he to his men  
Prifouns hir fwithe anon  
Honger fchal fche hau ynou3  
Mate no drink gif hir non  
Litel no miche that loke wel  
Til this tuelue days be comen ⁊ gon

Y mot fare out of this lond  
Bot Y no fchal nouzt long duelle  
To heize men ⁊ wife bothe  
Of this auentour I fchal hem telle  
Confeyl Y fchal haue ful gode  
Hou Y fchal that maiden quelle  
Bot giue fche take another rede  
Sche mai be fiker ⁊ wo to welle

When this emperour was went  
The quen hir feyd to a knizt  
Of alle kniztes he was chef  
Porfir feyt the bok he hizt  
Thou do me fpeke with Katerine  
And if thou may this ich nizt  
Longing haue Y fwithe miche  
To fpeke with hir 3if that Y mizt

Within niȝt forȝat he nouȝt  
To do the quenes comandment  
Vnto the priſoun as he hir hiȝt  
Priueliche he with hir went  
Thai ſeiȝe therin ſo michel liȝt  
And God his angels thider ſent  
That ſete about that fwete wiȝt  
And anoint hir with oinement

Thei ſeiȝen angels anoinen hir cors  
Ich wem t̃ ich a wounde  
And thurch the miȝt of J̃hu Criſt  
Than thai were bothe hole t̃ ſounde  
No hadde thai ſtonden at the priſoun  
Bot a litel wiȝtine ſounde  
Of that liȝt thai weren adrad  
Aſwon thai fel adoun to grounde




The maiden aros ⁊ com to hem  
And spak to hem with mild mode  
Arifeth vp in Godes name  
And loke ye ben of confort gode  
Sche bad hem leue on Jhu Crist  
That for mankin schadde his blod  
And when thai herd that maiden  
Vp thai risen ⁊ bi hir stode

Than feyd the quen ful sone  
A Katerine wele is the  
Wiche thou migt do with Jhu Cri  
We hau fen of thi priuete  
That sche feyd ⁊e trowe on him  
Lord of swiche pouste  
see no forget he nouzt  
see with hert fre

Certes dame Y rede the wel  
Forfake Maxens ⁊ al his mizt  
For that ich kinges loue  
That made the day ⁊ eke the nizt  
Heuen ⁊ erthe man ⁊ best  
Sonne ⁊ mone to schine brizt  
The joie of heuen schaltow haue  
And also Y say to the fir knizt

Than spac the knizt to Katerine  
What maner joie may this be  
Katerine feyd also sone  
Porfir Y wil telle the  
That is the joie withouten enden  
That ere no may here no eize fe  
No tong speke no hert think  
Lord it fende thou ⁊ me



The maiden aros t̃ com to hem  
And fpac to hem with mild mode  
Arifeth vp in Godes name  
And loke ye ben of confort gode  
Sche bad hem leue on J̃hu Crift  
That for mankin fchadde his blod  
And when thai herd that maiden fpeke  
Vp thai rifen t̃ bi hir ftode

Than feyd the quen ful fone  
A Keterine wele is the  
Miche thou migt do with J̃hu Crift  
We hau fen of thi priuete  
Than fche feyd ze trowe on him  
That is Lord of fwiche poufte  
His feriaunce no forzet he nougt  
That him ferue with hert fre

Certes dame Y rede the wel  
Forfake Maxens ⁊ al his migt  
For that ich kinges loue  
That made the day ⁊ eke the nigt  
Heuen ⁊ erthe man ⁊ best  
Sonne ⁊ mone to schine brigt  
The joie of heuen schaltow haue  
And also Y say to the fir knigt

Than spac the knigt to Katerine  
What maner joie may this be  
Katerine feyd also sone  
Porfir Y wil telle the  
That is the joie withouten enden  
That ere no may here no eize se  
No tong speke no hert think  
Lord it fende thou ⁊ me

Ther nis non in that riche  
That honger hath cold no threst  
Ther is liif withouten ende  
Ther is stede of ro t rest  
Thurch the wordes that sche spac  
Er midnight thai weren al preft  
To fuffre deth for Godes loue  
Her hope was in his merci best

Sche bitauzt hem Jhu Crift  
And seththen went bothe oway  
To hundred kniztes serued hir  
Sche told hem that other day  
Hou Godes angels sat abouten hir  
In the prifoun ther sche lay  
Thai trowed on God as sche hem radde  
And forfoken al her fals lay

The maiden no most haue mete no drink  
Thourch comandment of that king  
Tvelve days thurch ⁊ thourch  
Sche no most haue mete no dring  
Angels com fram heuen to erthe  
Ich day to that fwete thing  
Mete ⁊ drink ynouȝ plente  
Thai brouȝten of alle gode tiding

And when the tvelve dayes were gon  
Than com Jhu heuen king  
With angels ⁊ maidens bothe  
For to speke with his derling  
He feyd thou hast ben for me ladde  
In miche striif ⁊ gret fonging  
Loke thou hert the ful wele  
Y giue the douhter mi blifcing

Oft ichaue thi praiers herd  
When that thou me bifought  
Therefore schal Y the nouzt fayl  
When thou art to jugement brouzt  
Loke thou be stedefast ⁊ trewe  
Of al her paines giue thou nouzt  
Of the blis thou migt be fiker  
That ichaue to min hondewerk wrouzt

And when he hadde this wordes feyd  
Out of prifoun he gan glide  
To heuen blis ther he com fro  
And angels on ich afide  
When Maxens hadde his wil do  
Hom he com with michel prede  
With erles ⁊ with kniztes fele  
And knaues eruand bi her fide



Opon that other day ful sone  
He asked after the maidens astat  
Ȝif sche be oliue yete  
Sche is ful feble wele Y wat  
Fet hir forth mi jaioler  
For hunger ȝ throft  
Sche is wel mate  
He ȝede anon ȝ brouȝt hir forth  
Bifor the king ther he fat

When sche was biforn him come  
He feyd welcom damifele  
Thou haſt ben ſtrongliche y-greued  
In iren bounden ȝ in ſiel  
Bot ȝete me thenketh thou miȝt liue  
And that liketh me ful wel

Jhu that thou of speke  
Him forfake thou euerich adel

For Y nold nougt thi liif fpille  
To prifoun Y dede the do  
Bot certes thou moft now nede  
Chiefen on of thir thinges tvo  
Other trowe opon mi godes  
And Cristendom thou do the fro  
Other we fchal ous bithenke  
With ftrong paines the to flo

Than fpac the maiden ther fche ftoode  
Among the Sarrazins fo blake  
Jhus Crist hir hath ytauzt  
Hir wordes were withouten lake

Thei me may liue wite you wel  
God schal Y neuer forsake  
For his loue am Y ful preft  
With wille mi deth for to take

Thei that 3e alle bithenke 3ou  
Of pines hard t̃ fore  
Therto icham now ful preft  
Hem to fuffre icham al yare  
Neuer more while Y liue  
Mi flesche no blod wil Y spare  
To fpende for mi lordes loue  
For me he suffred wele more

Blitheliche wil Y martird be  
With gret pines t̃ with smale

He hath me to his frari cald  
That schal be bot of mi bale  
Sche stode euer with mild mode  
Bifor Maxens to telle hir tale  
Bot ther he fet opon his des  
For tene he grent t̃ wex al pale

As he fat t̃ couped hir  
Ther com a Sarrazin gon  
Curfates feyt the boke he higt  
King he feyd icham thli man  
Ȝete Y can a turnament make  
Swiche no herdestow neuer nan  
Bi than it be wrouzt t̃ sche it fe  
Another thouzt sche schal thenke on

Four wheles schal Y make  
The to schal turn ozain to  
Ful thicke thai schal be driuen  
With witherhokes mo t mo  
Among the four fche schal be don  
Hir bodi for to wirche wo  
To fmale peces fche schal be rent  
On erthe schal fche neuer go

Than bad Maxens his jayoler  
That he schuld that maiden take  
Into prifoun for to lede  
Therwhile he schul the wheles make  
And er the thridde day at ende  
Thai were wrought for hir sake  
So grifely were thai on to fe  
Mani a man thai maden quake

When tho wheles weren preft  
Amid the borwe thai were fett  
With Sarrazins bifer the king  
Hard was the maiden thrett  
Than bad themperour his men  
That fche were out of prifoun fett  
Wele he wend withouten faile  
That his tene fchuld be bett

Thai ladden hir to that ftede  
Ther fche fchuld on hem be don  
Mani a moder child ther was  
For to loke the maiden opon  
Sche fett hir doun opon hir knes  
To God of heuen fche bad abon  
Bot herkneth now wat bitid  
Godes help ther com ful fone

The wheles for to brese ⁊ breke  
Our Louerd bad an angel gon  
Of the wicked Sarrazins  
Veniaunce he tok anon  
Among the folk thai gun driue  
Four thousand ther wer slawe  
Of hethen men that thider wer come  
Bot iuel had that maiden non

Cristemen that ther weren  
For this miracle were wel glad  
The king no wist wat he dede  
So fori he was ⁊ so madde  
The Sarrazins that migt aschape  
Wel fori thai were ⁊ adrad  
For the periis that thai feyzen  
Of forwe were thai neuer fad

When that alle this folk was flawe  
To him feyd his wiif the quen  
Waileway thou wreche man  
Whereof makestow the fo kene  
. . . . \* wele that he is king  
That born was of the maiden schene  
Him fake ye to-day  
And thine werkes al bidene

Ozain the Lord that ous fchope  
No helpeth the nougt to chide  
That Criften men leueth on  
His miztes hath he ful wide  
So cri him merci of thi gilt  
Ȝif thou wilt long abide  
On of this days when thou art dede  
Helle pine schal the bitide

\* One word erased in MS.

He wex fwithe wroth t̃ wode  
To the quen he feyd anon  
Now Y wot thou art desceyued  
Thurch wichecraft of that woman  
Y the fwere bi min godes  
And bi al that Y fwere can  
Bot thou rather wende thi mode  
To wicked ded thou schalt be don

Bot you forfakc Jhu Crift  
This schal be thi iugement  
First thine pappes of thi brest  
With iren hokes schal be rent  
Biheueded schaltow than be  
Thi bodi on the feld y-fent  
With houndes t̃ with foules to drawe  
And this schal be mi comandment

When this emperour was war  
That sche nold wenden hir thought  
Than bad he on this maner  
That sche were out of toun y-brought  
Sche loked opon Katerine  
And mildeliche sche hir bifought  
That sche schuld hir erande bere  
To Jhu Crist that ous hath bought

Than spak the maiden ther sche ftode  
Forfothe dame Y telle it the  
Of the ioie withouten ende  
Trust t fikor may you be  
In his name you take the ded  
That sprad his bodi on the tre  
As his fwete wille was  
For to maken ous alle fre

Men drouȝ hir tates of hir breſt  
And heueded hir as Y ȝou told  
And ſethtthen hete that emperour  
That no man ſchuld be ſo bold  
Hir bodi to hilen in erthe  
Houndes ſchuld hau it in wold  
The foule com bifer Jhu  
Er the bodi wexe cold


After that he hadde hir ſlawe  
With this ſtrong paſſioun  
Than com Porfir the gode knigt  
Ther ſche lay with wel gode deuocioun  
And brouȝt hir to Criſten biriel  
Ther ſche lay withouten the toun  
Ogain the kinges comandment  
To ſuffre deth he was al boun

Sone opon that other day  
Men told themperour ful zare  
That fche was to erthe brouzt  
Than spac he wordes wrothe  
Enquere now who hath this don  
Of min men that Y fede ⁊ clothe  
Mani man withouten gilt  
Therefore wes flawe ⁊ presound both

Bifor this crowel emperour  
Ful baldeliche com Sir Porfir  
And feyd to him ther he fete  
Ful of felonie ⁊ ire  
Icham Godes confessfour  
And ich haue birid that martir  
Y wil wele that thou it wite  
Seththen thou haft so gret desir

Thou wer ful wode ȝ out of witt  
And litel thouztes of thi dede  
When that thou haddeſt hir ſlawe  
The erthe when thou hir forbede  
In helle pine beth thi play  
Withouten ende with the quede  
Y take me to Jhu Crift  
And do the al out of mi rede

Than he gan for to crie  
And cleped himſelue caitif  
As thei he hadde wounded be  
With ſwerd with ſpere other kniif  
Now hath Porfir me forſake  
That was wardain of al mi liif  
Oft he feyd allas allas  
That euer was he born o wiif



He hath fouchel care ⁊ diole  
Men thouzt that he wald wede  
He feyd now ichaue forlorn  
The best knigt of al mi thede  
He was min help ⁊ mi rede  
Ouer al at al mi nede  
The wiche schal it abiggede  
Thurch whom he hath don this dede

The king tok his kniztes anon  
To asken hem in priuete  
Thurch whom it was ⁊ was confeyl  
That he wald cristned be  
Thai faid fone at a voice  
Thurch Godes migt ⁊ so be we  
We take ous to Cristendom  
For drede of deth wil we nouzt fle

Oft he was wroth t̃ wode  
Bot neuer zete as he was tho  
Her heuedes he dede of fmite  
Therof gaf he nouzt a flo  
The bodis on the feld wer caſt  
With houndes t̃ with beſtes alſo  
Her foules com ſone thider  
Ther ioie t̃ blis is euer t̃ oo

Therafter on that other day  
The king was fett in his chayer  
The Sarrazins that with him held  
On ich half thai fete him nere  
Katerine he hete forth bring  
To fechen hir went his jayoler  
Bifor him com ſche fwithe ſone  
With blithe mode t̃ glad chere

Ful sternliche loked he hir on  
And spac to hir with gret envie  
Miche wo thou haft ous wrougt  
Thou wiche ful of felonie  
Thou haft me don mi folk forlese  
That thou schalt ful dere abie  
No schaltow neuer zif Y may  
Bitray ous with thi forcerye

Bot thou trowe on mi godes  
That al this warld schal wake t weld  
And to hem make sacrifise  
Fram wicked deth thou migt the schilde  
Other men schal thine heued of fmite  
Withouten toun in the feld  
This ich day ar euen com  
So men schal thi feruise zeld

This maiden no forbar him nouzt  
 Sche faid thou tirant nay  
 Shalt thou neuer the day abide  
 That Y fchal leue opon thi lay  
 Graced be the King of heuen  
 That me hath lent so stable fay  
 Blithelich wil Y for his loue  
 Tholy deth this ich day

Do now forth thou fendes lim  
 Of the no am Y nouzt agast  
 For al that thou canst bithinke  
 Y wil suffre al in haft

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**Marie Maudelerin.**



## **Marie Maudelein.**

. . . . .  
. . . . .

And Martha keped fwithe wel  
Her londes euerich adel  
Sche gaf hir al to almoſe dede  
The pouer to clothe & to fede  
And the Maudelein Marie  
Sche hir gaue al to folie

To wille of bodi sche hir ches  
That hir kinde name sche les  
And was y-cleped as fwiche schul  
Mari the sinful  
Bot as Jhu preched there  
Our bileue t̃ elles where  
And Marie it vnderstode  
Therefore sche wex dreri of mode  
Sche fouzt Jhu for hir misdede  
And there he was to him sche zede  
In halle with Simound leprous  
Where sche fond him in an hous  
And his deciples ther thai fete  
With Simound leprous atte mete  
Bot for hir sinne t̃ hir misgong  
And for men were hem among

Sche no durft hir nouzt forth pilt  
For euer he schoneth that hath misgilt  
Bot that sche durft do sche it dede  
An oinement sche brouzt hir mide  
Tofore Jhu at his fete  
Sche kneled adoun ⁊ fore wepe  
Sche wescche his fete with hir tere  
And feththen wiped hem with hir here  
And with oinement hem smerd  
When Simounde that y-feize ⁊ herd  
Anon in hert he thouzt there  
Ȝif that he Godes sone were  
And a prophete witterlie  
Than wist he wele fikerlie  
What this woman were ⁊ who  
He suffred hir nouzt touche him so

Tho gan Jhu Simon vpbreyd  
Of his thouzt ⁊ to him feyd  
Simounde fethen ich com to the  
Thou nere so curteise to giue me  
No water to mi fore fete  
And feththen fche com nouzt fche lete  
For to wafche hem with her tere  
And feththen wiped hem with hir here  
No zou ne geue me no lent  
To min fet non oinement  
And fche with oinement wel riche  
Hem hath y-heled wel foftliche  
Thus gan Jhu Simond vpbreyd  
And tho to the Maudelein feyd  
Woman for the loue thou haft to me  
Alle thine finnes forgiue Y the


Sinful man haue this in thouzt  
And loke that thou forgete it nouzt  
Hou sche loued God in hert miche  
And he it hir zald wel fweteliche  
So dere nis thing to God aboue  
As of mannes hert trewe loue  
To euerich finne his loue is falue  
Aftow mizt fen on ich halue  
In graue sche fouzt him ther he lay  
When his deciples weren oway  
Therfore Jhu schewed him first  
To hir after his vprift  
Another honour Jhu hir dede  
To forn the Jewes in a stede  
For that sche wepe Jhu gan wepe  
And he that four dayes depe

Ded fmelland hadde lain in graue  
God made him eft his liif to haue  
That was Lazar hir brother  
Martha hir fofter he dede another  
Martha hadde an iuel ftrong  
That hir hadde holden feuen yer long  
And God hir made hole ʒ fere  
For Maris loue ʒ hir preiere

After zeres twiis feven  
That Jhu Crist fteize into heuen  
That pined was opon the rode  
Thurch the Jewes fals ʒ wode  
Alle the deciples that Jhu hadde  
In wide londes thai weren y-fpradde  
Bot euer thai gun for to preche  
The rízt bileue the folk to teche

Among the apostles ther was than  
Maximin a wel gode man  
To whom Petre bitauzt hadde  
The Maudeleine ⁊ to him badde  
That thai schuld togider go  
For doute of the Jewes euermo  
The Maudelein ⁊ Maximin  
Lazar Martha ⁊ Martin  
With hem ther was Martiman  
And so ther was another man  
That euer seththen that he was born  
His eize fízt he hadde forlorn  
And for his godenisse God Almízt  
Him gaf there his eize fízt  
The Jewes gun hem togider calle  
And her conseil token alle

In an eld schippe to don hem thore  
Withouten feil withouten ore  
Wel fast wepe that compeinie  
That weren in the schippe with Marie  
Into the see thai weren y-pilt  
To be bothe dreynt ⁊ spilt  
Bot God that al thing may fe  
In lond in water were thai be  
He made hem alle to ben oliue  
And at Marfil for to ariue  
Bot thai founde ther no wigt  
That hem wold herberwe that nigt  
No hem help with non almoſe dede  
Into an old porche thai zede  
That ſtode toforn a mannes hous  
Thurch the grace of fwete Jhus



Thai lay ther what the day gun dawē  
And of that rift thai were ful fawē  
When it was day thai token hede  
Hou the folk to toun zede  
And into her temple thai gun gon  
To anour her maumettes of tre ⁊ fton  
The Maudeleine tho ⁊ hir fere  
Wenten into the temple there  
Anon the Maudelein gan preche  
That folk the rīzt bileue to teche  
Of Jhus incarnacioun  
And hou he fuffred passioun  
For hir ⁊ ous ⁊ al mankinde  
Of dedely finne God ous vnbinde  
Ȝif ani of ous therin be  
Amen feyt alle per charite

The folk of hir gret wonder hadde  
Of hir bileue thai held hir madde  
Wonder thai hadde more ⁊ leſſe  
Of hir faucoun ⁊ hir fairniſſe  
No wonder thei in hir mouthe  
More fwetniſſe were couthe  
Than in ani other miȝt be  
For Jhu that dyed on the tre  
With derworthi kiſſe ⁊ with wepe  
Lete hir kiſſe his fair fet  
Of that lond the prince tho  
He ⁊ his wiif bigun to go  
Her maumettes to honour  
That thai miȝt gete a child in bour  
And tho this herd the Maudelain  
Faſt ſche preched ther ozain

O nigt to bed zede thai to  
The prince ⁊ his wiif also  
Wel fair in armes togider thai lain  
And thider com the Maudelain  
In meteing to hem tvay alon  
And to the wiif sche made hir mon  
And feyd feththen that ye so riche be  
Godes men whi suffre ye  
To die for hunger ⁊ for chele  
And ze have plente of alle wele  
Sche bad the wiif hir lord fay  
And so him bidden ⁊ so him pray  
That the godeman that were there  
Schuld be holpen thurch her praier  
The wiif drad in hir thougt  
That sche no durft fay him nougt

Therefore the Mari Maudelein  
That other nigt com ogain  
And feyd as 3e han y-herd  
That wiif was fore aferd  
Sche no durft nougt to hir lord fain  
No for the pouer bid no prain  
The Maudelain hir gan to hize  
And cam ogain the thridde fize  
And schewed her to hem bothe  
With grim loke t̃ with wrothe  
Rigt with a brenand chere  
As al the houe were afere  
Sche feyd to him awake tirran  
Remembre the of thi fader Satan  
Thi wiif that is there bi the brougt  
That neuer nold telle the nougt

Of thinges that ichir feyd t badde  
Ze ligge in glotonie al fadde  
In your palais white fo milk  
Honged with riche clothes of filk  
And Godes men that liu in wo  
Withouten herberwe ze leten hem go  
Y warn the now thou wreche vnkinde  
Another anfwere thou mizt finde  
The pouer what thou haft zouen t lent  
Thus sche feyd t oway went

The prince tho.of his flepe woke  
His wiif in his armes toke  
And feyd woftow dame what ich herd  
The wiif ogain answerd  
Sir fo grete drede is to me comen  
That neize mi liif is me binomen

Methenketh fir that better is it  
That we do as fche ous bit  
Than God of whom fche ginneth to preche  
Take on ous hard wreche  
Amorwe tho the prince aros  
Of his sweuen fore him agros  
The Maudelain t alle her feren  
He ladde hem hom as ze may heren  
With mete t drink he hem fedde  
And with riche clothes hem schredde  
Among that pople.thurch vertu  
Sche gan preche of Jhu  
His passioun t his vprift  
That mani man therof agrift  
Mani man to hir ther come  
And underfenge cristendome

The wiif zede to the Maudelain  
And anon sche gan hir frain  
Ȝif that sche hadde power ʒ miȝt  
For to avowe her lawe ariȝt  
That sche of preched niȝt ʒ day  
Sche feyd ya dame parmafay  
Ther to icham redi Y wis  
For our lawe oft proued is  
With fele miracles that God wil schewe  
That stable is our lay ʒ trewe  
Riȝt as feint Peter ous techeth  
Our maſter in Rome ther he precheth  
The prince ʒ his wiif gun feyn  
Ȝif thai miȝt thi Lord ſo prein  
Of whom that thou ſo precheth ous  
A child that he wald ſende ous

Than wold we leuen fikerly  
That he is God Almiȝti  
The Maudelain anwerd oȝen  
Leten therfore ſchal it nouȝt ben  
To Jhu Criſt ſche bad abone  
The wiif a child conſeiued fone  
And tho the prince that gan ſe  
To Rome fore longed he  
Riȝt as a pilgrim for to go  
To wite of Peter ȝif it wer ſo  
Ȝif it of Jhu were the lawe  
To wite the ſothe he was ful fawe  
The princes wiif gan to ſay  
Sir ȝif ȝe ſchul wende that way  
To paſſe thider withouten me  
No wold neuer God it ſchuld ſo be



When that ye go than wil Y go  
And when ye ride ichil also  
When ye duellen than wil Y  
No nother schal it be fikerly  
The prince feyd dame nay  
With me wenden thou ne may  
No were the fe neuer so milde  
And a woman were with childe  
In fchippe with trauail biftadd  
Alle we mizt be fore adradde  
Men wold figgen in awhile  
That thai weren in gret perile  
Bot zif fche foner wer vnbounde  
Sche mizt dye in a ftounde  
In fchippe bifor ous euerichon  
Therefore thou may nouzt with me gon

At hom nedes Y mot the leten  
Our godes for to kepen  
For al loue leman sche feyd  
Lete now that wille be doun aleyd  
Sche wepe ⁊ crid ⁊ prayd him so  
That he graunt hir with him to go

A fchippe thai gun tho puruayen  
And richelich within to laien  
Of al thing that hem nede fode  
And feththen al her other gode  
Thai bitauzten the Maudelain  
To kepen what thai com ozain  
And into fchippe thai deden hem tho  
So fwithe fo thai migten go  
No haue thai nouzt failed arizt  
Bot a day ⁊ on nigt

That the fe wel hard bigan  
To zellen t̃ to bellen than  
The schippemen tho gun fast rowen  
And the wawes ozain to throwen  
That of hem alle ther was non  
That times among hem euerichon  
That he ne wende haue forgon his liif  
And nameliche the princes wiif  
What for drede t̃ what for wo  
Hard fche gan to trauail tho  
A fair knaue child ther was born  
Ac the moder liif it was forlorn  
Grete pite men mizt ther fen  
Hou that child no mizt nouzt ben  
Y-holpen certes in maner non  
Seththen the moder liif it hadde forgon

And hou it feke the moder tete  
Kinde fuftenaunce for to gete  
And when it no milk gete mizt  
The fader than wel fore he fizt  
He feyd allas her fode is wane  
This grom is his moders bane  
Seththen it may no longer no fode haue  
Dye nedes moft the knaue  
Wel fore wepe tho the pilgrim  
Ha God Almizti wo was him  
He feize his wiif dede him biforn  
And his fones help was forlorn  
He wepe we[le] fore t̃ feyd allas  
So michel as mi wille was  
Bi mi wiif to hau a knaue  
Her bother liues now lorn ich haue

With that the schippemen gun to crien  
And to that ded bodi heizen  
Swithe anon thai gun it kippe  
To flinge it out of the schippe  
And fwore thai schold neuer more  
Haue miri weder whiles it war thore  
Sum nomen the heued t̃ fum the fete  
Ha leue lordinges abideth zete  
The pilgrim than feyd fo  
Ha Jhu Crist what him was wo  
Suffreth zif it be zour wille  
Hir bodi awhile to ligge stille  
So michel pain is in hir y-cloue  
Zete ich wene wele that sche liue  
The prince feyd t̃ fore wepe  
Of a grete roche he tok gode kepe

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And thougt that it better were  
That his wiif were birid there  
Than in the fe grounde to lizen  
To the schippemen he gan crien  
Grete trefore he gaf hem to mede  
That thai schuld hir thider lede  
When sche was to that roche y-brouzt  
Than migt thai forhard nouzt  
On non wife graue maken  
Hir bodi in for to taken  
Than fouzt thai on ich fide  
Where thai migt hir best hide  
The pilgrim his wiif adoun he leyd  
With his sone ⁊ feththen feyd  
Wel fore wepeand with his eize  
Allas ⁊ walawo Marie

In iuel time ⁊ fori while  
Com thou into mi lond Marfile  
Mi wiif a child conceiued thurch the  
Thus ded for that fche schuld be  
Seththen al mi godes that ich auzt  
Thi God ⁊ the ich it bitaught  
Ȝif that he be God Almigti  
Now on hir foule haue merci  
And this child he kepe fram care  
And lete it neuer nouzt forfare  
His mantel riche of he dede  
And leyd it on hem in that ftede  
The child vnder the mantel lappe  
Lay ⁊ feke the moders pappe  
Seththen to schippe he gan to gon  
A fori man was he on

Riȝt fo to Rome he tok the way  
Seint Peter ozain him com that day  
When that he feye the croice on him  
He gan to aske the pilgrim  
Whennes he com t whider he wold  
The pilgrim al the fothe him told  
Alle his anoye he gan him telle  
That in the fe him bifelle

When feint Peter the fothe y-herd  
Of the pilgrim hou it ferd  
He feyd pes be now with the  
And ful welcome artow to me  
Loke atow no more wepe  
For thi wiif lith stille on flepe  
And also doth thi sone hir by  
Therof bi thou trust fikerly

That God that is so ful of miȝt  
Alle thing he may dele ⁊ diȝt  
God of heuen he may geuen  
And alle his giftes he may binimen  
He may the wele do ozain comen  
Al that he hath the binomen  
Al thi forwe ſchal the ȝete  
Turn the to blis ⁊ to fwete

Seint Peter the pilgrim ledde  
Into that plas ther Jhu bledde  
And where he was don on the tre  
And his ſepucure he lete him ſe  
Seint Peter then he gan preche  
The fike he heled ⁊ was her leche  
Mani fair miracle he gan don  
As he with the pilgrim gan gon

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And schewed him that stede Y wis  
Where Jhu steize to heuen blis  
In fay when he was stedefast  
At Peter he tok his leue in haft  
For to wend homward ozain  
There he lete Maudelain  
To schippe anon he is y-went  
Gode winde on haft God hath hem sent  
Opon a day fone after that  
The prince in the schippe sat  
And loked forth thurch Godes gras  
Anon he was war of the plas  
Ther that he hadde ben at ere  
And his tvay leue leten there  
When he gan that roche sen  
Wel fore him longed ther to ben

Florines he gan the schippemen bede  
For thai schuld him thider lede  
And what for mede ʒ praying  
To that roche thai gan him bring  
And when thai neize that roche were  
A litel child thai feizen there  
Adoun at the fot of the hille  
The fe it was comen tille  
Therwith it made michel gale  
With gret ftones ʒ with fmale  
And playd with burbels of the water  
Wel ioieful than was the fader  
As it is euer childes wone  
Ther playd his litel fone

When that the child of hem was war  
And of the schippe that hem bar

It ran oway fore aferd  
As he that neuer feize man in erd  
He crepe for drede t̃ hidde him tho  
Bituix his moder tetes to  
For ioie the pilgrim wepe fore  
And thougt he vald wite more  
Vnto that ftede he gan to gon  
Ther he hadde his wiif y-don  
And his zong sone alfo  
Ther bifore zeres tvo  
Als he lete hem he fond hem bothe  
Y-hiled vnder his mantel clothe  
He drouz the mantel bi the lappe  
The child lay feke the moders pappe  
Vp in his armes he hir toke  
With gode wille fo feyt the boke

And feyd Marie wele were me  
And it so migt now be  
That ich migt now haue the liif  
With mi fone here of mi wiif  
Bot to the gode hope ich haue  
Thou that fenteft me this knaue  
That now al this to zere  
Hath now bothe kept hem here  
That thou migt now with thi preiing  
Mi wiif ozain to liue bring  
As he bigan fwiche mone to make  
His wiif bigan tho to awake  
Vp fche aros ⁊ gan to feyn  
Yblifced be the Maudelain  
Rigt fwete ⁊ ioieful is thi mede  
To helpen hem that haue nede

When ich in schippe trauaild fore  
A fwete midwiif thou were me thore  
The pilgrim at hir asked than  
Artow aliue mi leman  
Ja fir sche feyd fikerly  
Riztes now than com Y  
Fram the ftedes euerichon  
That the ⁊ Peter hau y-gon  
Wel radiliche sche gan to fay  
Alle toknes bi the way  
And him rekned eueri ftede  
And the miracles that Peter dede  
With ioie ⁊ with gamen ⁊ gle  
To schippe thai wenten al thre  
And after in a litel while  
Thai ariued in Marcile



Opon her owen lond ogain  
And ther thai founde the Maudelain  
Rigt with hir deciples alle  
Vnto hir fete thai gun to falle  
And alle the sothe he gan hir telle  
Bi the way what hem bifalle  
He ⁊ his wiif ⁊ his grom  
Thai gun hir aske Cristendom  
Maximin ther water toke  
Oile ⁊ crifme ⁊ a boke  
And cristned hem that ich day  
And so thai liued in Godes lay  
Than bigun thai for to falle  
In her temple the maumetes alle  
Chirche thai gun for to arere  
Lazar hir brother was bischop there


Tho feint Mari the Maudelain  
And the holi man Maximin  
Alfo it was our Lordes wille  
Another lond thai wenten tille  
Ac there no founde thai no wigt  
That hem wold herberwe day no niȝt  
Bot thurch miracles mani on  
The pople gun faſt to hem gon  
Cristendom thai gun taken  
And chirches faſt thai gun maken  
Thai made Maximin to be  
Biſchop over hem in that cite

The Maudelein bithouȝt hir tho  
Oway fram him ſche gan to go

In Godes loue fche wold ben  
And thougt that neuer fche schuld fen  
After that time non ertheliche man  
Into a wilderniffe fche went than  
A ftede was tho ther ogain  
And thider went the Maudelain  
That Godes angels hadde y-wrougt  
In that ftede no grewe rízt nouzt  
Gras water frouit corn no tre  
Therbi men mízť it wíte ȓ fe  
That Jhu that fche loued fo miche  
He fedde hir there goftliche  
Nouzt flefcheliche as we ben here  
Sche was to ȓ thríttí zere  
That hir neuer man feíze no herd  
Líftneth now al hou fche ferd

Euerich day times feuen  
Ther com an angel doun fram heuen  
And bar hir vp vnto the fky  
The Maudelain Marie on hy  
And when fche was fo heize y-born  
Y-fett fche was Jhu biforn  
Alle maner ioie ⁊ blis fche feize ther  
Effones adoun thai hir bere  
Thus was Marie born ⁊ fedde  
And into heuen bliffe y-ledde  
Euerich day rízt feuen fethe  
Therefore fche was rízt glad ⁊ blithe  
To erthelich mete hadde fche no nede  
With fo gret ioie fche com ⁊ zede

Ther neize hond ther woned a preft  
That gode wille hadde in his brest



Holy liue al for to liuen  
As men that hem to penaunce zeuen  
A celle he lete make him tho  
The Maudelain a litel fro  
And when his celle was y-wrouzt  
Of the Maudelain no wift he nouzt  
Bot on a day thurch Godes grace  
As he biheld vnto that place  
Ther that the Maudelain was inne  
That whilom was fo ful of finne  
He feize the angels adoun comen  
And the angels anon hir vp nomen  
And bar hir vp fwithe an heize  
When the preft that ther was neize  
It hadde with his eizen fen  
And hou thai brouzten hir doun ozain

The sothe wald wite arigt  
 Of that wonderliche figt  
 Forth he zede with holy bede  
 Towardes that ich holi stede  
 There the angels comen adoun  
 With ioie ⁊ with mirie foun  
 Bot a stoness cast he was therfro  
 That he nas that stede comen to  
 That he no migt stere him non  
 A fot forther for to gon  
 Bot when he turned him ozain  
 To go fram ward the Maudelain

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\* Twelve lines cut out of the MS.

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That non erthelich man liuing  
Was worthe for to fe that king  
Tho bigan he for to crie  
In the name of God ⁊ Marie  
Y bid the in the name of Crift  
Thou that there goft ⁊ lift


A Godes halue 3if that thou be  
That thou fpeke now to me  
What thing thou art that thou me kenne  
The Maudelain anfwerd thenne  
Mi leue frende at wordes fewe  
Com forth to me I fchal the fchewe  
Bitven ous tvay here wel ftille  
Thou fchalt y-witen alle thi wille  
Toward the place he zede  
Com forth fche feyd t̃ haue no drede  
And thou fchal wele witen t̃ fe  
So michel fo thou wilt on me  
Herdeftow euer in fpelle y-minne  
Of a woman that was in finne  
That Cristes fet wefche with hir ter  
And feththen wiped hem with hir her



He forgaf hir for hir godeniffe  
Alle hir finnes more ⁊ leffe

The preft wel fair hir anwerd  
Ofstithes ich it haue y-herd  
And feththen that was it is now gon  
To ⁊ thritti zere euerichon  
Forsothe fche feyd thou feyft arizt  
In this ftede bothe day ⁊ nigt  
Ichaue y-ben to ⁊ thritti zere  
That neuer er man wift me here  
Bot as God hath fuffred the  
Now for to fen ⁊ fpeke with me  
Euerich day icham wel foft  
With Godes angels born aloft

Seuen fithes atte left  
Joie ich biheld aldermest  
Gret mirthe ⁊ blis ther Y fe  
And feththen adoun thai bring me  
Bot now than schal ich hennes wende  
Into that blis withouten ende  
As icham warned of Lord min  
Go to the bischop Maximin  
And telle him alle astow haft sain  
And herd here of the Maudelain  
And biseche him fair that he  
The next Sononday that now schal be  
Into his chapel stille he go  
Himself alone withouten mo  
That time that he is won to arise  
Vnto his morwen seruise



Ther he schal finde me him biforn  
With Godes angels thider born  
A voice the prest herd there  
Of an angel also it were  
Bot man no woman no feize he non  
To Maximin rizt he gan gon  
And teld him of the Maudelain  
What he hadde of hir fain  
Tho he this tiding herd than  
Maximin the holi man  
He thonked heizeliche Jhu Crist  
That he of that tiding wist  
That sche him the bode sent  
Into his chapel tho he went  
Amiddes the quer he feize tho  
The Maudelain with his eizen tvo

A 3erdes lengthe lift an heize  
And angels fele bothe fer ⁊ neize  
Abouten hir thai gun ftond  
And fche held vp bothe hir hond  
To Jhus Crift hir bone fche badde  
And Maximin was fore adradde  
That he no durft nouzt to hir gon  
And Marie feyd to him anon  
Gostliche fader thow com me to  
No fle thou nouzt thi douhter fo  
The way to hir tho he toke  
Hir face fchon fo feyt the boke  
So fair ⁊ wonderlich brizt  
That vnnethe he it biheld mizt  
Al for the lizt ⁊ for the lem  
That fchon as the fonne bem



The bifchop tho bigan to calle  
The preftes t̃ the clerkes alle  
And there toforn hem euerichon  
With falt teres fone anon  
Of Maximin fche nam hir fode  
The fiefche of J̃hu t̃ his blod  
And when fche was y-hofled fo  
Toforn the outer fche zede hir tho  
And on the gronde fche hir fpradde  
And to him that fche loued hadde  
Ouer al thinges moft  
Sche zeld him the Holy Gofit  
Tho ros ther fo fwete a fmal  
In that chapel over al  
That it filled euerich wigt  
Wel neize al the feuen nigt

And feththen in that ich ftede  
Ther the Maudelain was dede  
That holi man Maximin  
With michel honour birid hir therin  
And bad him when that he ded were  
Thai fchuld ligge him bi hir zere

Ich bifeche zou alle that han y-herd  
Of the Maudelain hou it ferd  
That the bifeche al for him  
That this ftori in Engliffe rim  
Out of Latin hath y-wrought  
For alle men Latin no conne nouzt  
That Jhu Crift for his holy grace  
He giue ous al mizt ⁊ fpace

Thurch fchrift that he make ous clene  
As was Marie the Maudelene  
That we mot to that ioie wende  
That euer fchal left withouten ende  
Amen Amen figge al we  
God it ous graunt par charite

*Amen.*

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